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COMFORT

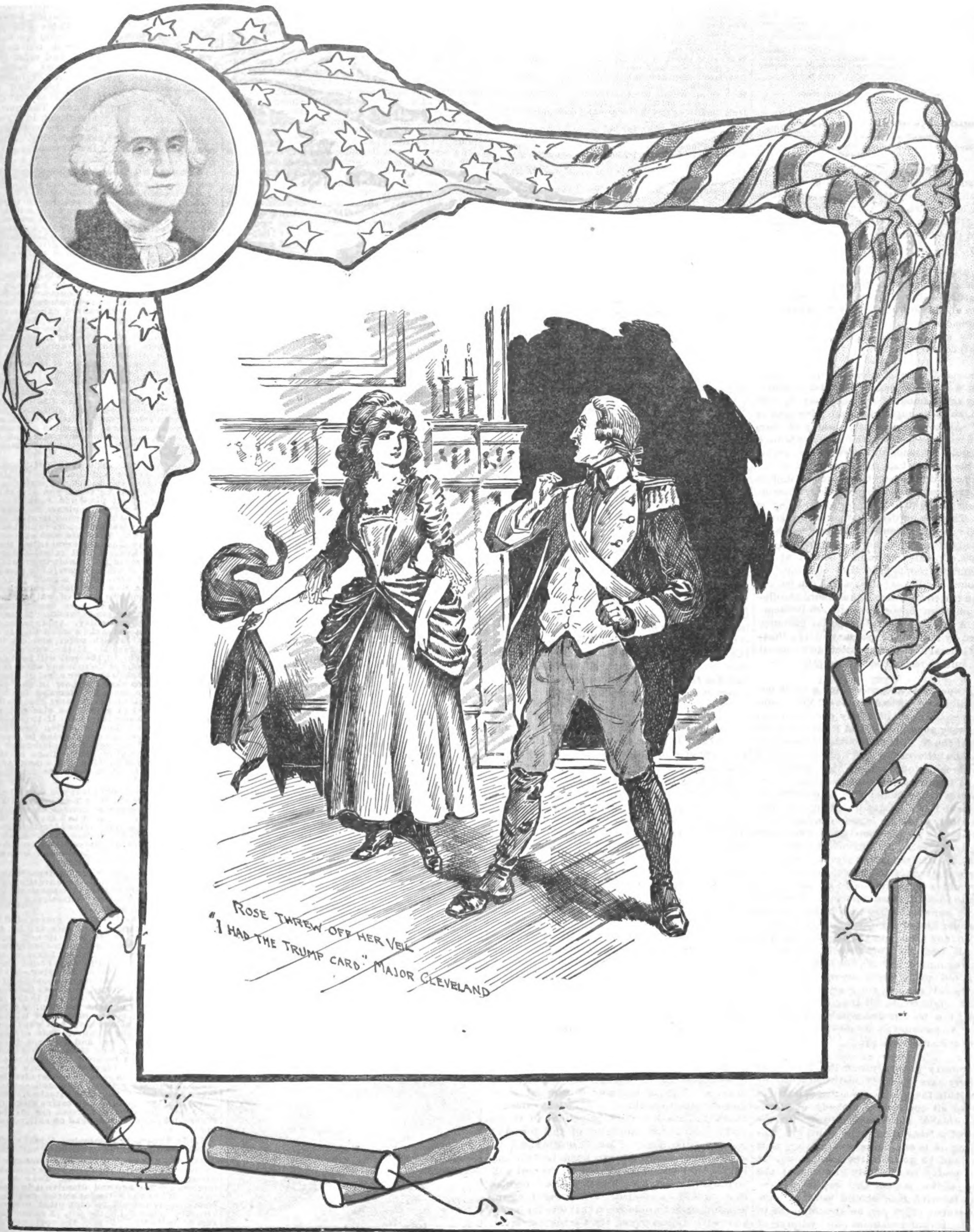
THE KEY TO A MILLION AND A QUARTER HOMES
Devoted to Art, Literature, Science and the Home Circle.

NEW YORK

AUGUSTA, MAINE.

BOSTON

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COMFORT

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The anarchists who were leading mobs in Hoboken, N. J., recently were put to flight by two fire companies that turned their hose on them. If there is anything that the anarchist does not like it is nice, clean water applied externally.

The Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau has invented a machine that will cool a room to a temperature of sixty degrees, but so far he has not been able to invent a Weather Bureau that the people can get any kind of weather out of that they may need at the time, and that is what this country wants.

Postmaster General Payne is urging Congress to pass a bill providing a postal currency whereby small amounts of money may be sent by mail, and it is hoped that such a law will be passed. All over this great country of ours people have occasion to send money through the postoffice in amounts too small for checks, even if the persons had bank accounts, which most of them do not, and thousands of dollars are lost every month, either by being mislaid or failing to be delivered, or the money is stolen. This is a hardship to many who can ill afford to lose money, and so far there has been no remedy for it. Money orders and postal notes are expensive or cannot be had at all offices, and the people have been compelled to send money in bills or coins, which can be detected in the envelopes and thus afford the dishonest ones an opportunity to use it themselves. A safe and convenient postal currency is needed by millions of people and the Postmaster General's recommendation and request for it should be responded to promptly.

The prospect just at present for a great national highway between New York and Chicago, a distance of nearly one thousand miles, is very good indeed, and President John B. Uble of the N. Y. C. and C. Road Association says that he believes the road will be completed within three or four years. This great road should be the start for one to extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific with branches in all directions so that all parts of our country may be accessible. Nothing is more indicative of the thrift of a people than good roads, and nothing is of greater convenience at all seasons. The wretched dirt roads that prevail in so many states are a disgrace to the enterprise of the country and a constant source of annoyance and loss to those who use them. It should be that every community had that kind of spirit which would first of all make good roads to get around on, and then have the other things that good roads lead to. The church, the school house, the neighbor's home, the store and post-office should all be easily accessible in bad weather as well as good, and every man, woman and child ought to do all they can to secure roads that can be traveled comfortably at all seasons. No section can develop and be worth anything if its roads are bad.

The country generally and the individual particularly have been seriously disturbed by strikes within the past two months, and strikes are bad for all concerned. Nobody questions the right of labor to demand its own, for the Bible says the laborer is worthy of his hire, but demanding it is one thing and getting it is another, and to get it is the main thing. It has been pretty conclusively shown that the ordinary strike is not the way to get it. What the laboring man should learn is some better method, or rather he should learn to use the means conferred upon him by the right of franchise. He can get what he wants if he keeps right on working, and organizes to vote for laws that will protect him in all his rights. The ballot box is his power, and the vote of a

OLD "TEN PER CENT."

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY HOLMAN F. DAY.

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His mouth is pouched and solemn and he'll never squeeze a smile.
He's yellin' 'ern saffron bitters 'cause he's colored so by bile;
No organ in his system seems to run the way it should,
—He never has a hearty shake or says a word of good.
He'll soften, though, a crumb or so if money's to be lent
And some poor, strugglin' devil comes to time with ten per cent.
He is flingin' and is dingin' first at this and then at that,
And to ev'ry reputation gives a cuff or kick or slat.
Pretty lately he was spewin' sland'rous gossip he had heard,
And our minister was passin'. Wal, the elder he was stirred
And he says, "Ah Brother Bowler, if you'd lived in Jesus' time
When they brought to him the woman whom they'd taken in her crime,
That story in the Scriptures would have took a different tone,
For I s'picion if you'd been there you'd 'a'up and thrown the stone.
Yes, I reckon that the woman would have sartin been a goner,
For you'd thrown the rock—and that hain't all!
You'd 'a' thrown one with a corner!"
Wal, ye'd think a dig of that sort would have shamed him 'a'f to death,
But, Land o' Goshen, neighbor,—hain't no mortifyin' in' Seth.
He's holler where the soul should be—hain't got no human peth.
He's deaf to ev'ry cry of want and don't know what is meant,
But—bet he'll hear for 'a'f a mile the whisper, "Ten per cent!"
It took a lot of practicin' to work his hearin' down
To where he's never bothered by the troubles in our town.
He never hears the sorrows of some woman who is left
With orphans and a morgidge 'bout a thousand times her left.
He hain't the one that worries when she says she cannot pay,
The morgidge holds her anchored—the farm can't git away.
Upon the shattered door-steps of his racked old tenements
He crowds the wolf of hunger when he goes to git his rents.
But he never hears the wailin' of the troubled folks within
He simply wants his money and tenant, trot or tin!
He never hears entreaties of his neighbors in the lurch
Unless there's good endorsers. He never hears the church,
He never hears the knockin' of a fist upon his door
Unless he knows the thuddin' means his ten per cent—or more.
His auditory organs sense no waves from walls of sorrow
But they hear the faintest zephyr from the man who wants to borrow.
Now, with ears in that condition, when they're extry dulled by death,
On the Resurrection morn' I'll have fears for Uncle Seth.
When Gab'riel toots his trump
And risen spirits jump
And up before the Throne of Light forthwith proceed to hump.
I reckon Seth will slumber on, not knowin' what is meant,
'Cause Gab'riel won't take 'special pains to holler "Ten per cent!"

man earning a dollar a day counts just as much as the vote of a Vanderbilt or a Rockefeller with his hundreds of millions. As there are hundreds of laboring men to every rich man in the country, the result of a Labor Voting Union can be seen at once. Nowhere in the world have the laboring men the advantages that they have in this country, and they can have still more if they stand together for the maintenance of the laws and vote for the men and the principles that they feel are the best for them. It is to vote and not to strike, wherein their best interest lies.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the Library Lover, has given fifty thousand dollars more to the establishment of another library, and he has yet other millions to add to those he has already given to the cause of the mind, when the cause of the body is suffering for the very help he could give it. There is no urgent demand for Carnegie libraries in this country where books and magazines and newspapers are to be had everywhere at prices to suit all purses, and in thousands of places to be had free, but there is a demand for better houses for working people to live in. Every city in this country has its so-called "tenement quarter," where human beings are housed like so many cattle. Indeed, they are not housed so well as many cattle are. Their houses are owned by landlords who care nothing for the health or comfort of their tenants, their sole thought being to get as much per cent. out of their investment as they can. In these nasty, ill-smelling, poorly ventilated, dark, dismal homes men, women and children are huddled together, with nothing to attract, and the result is that as soon as the work of the day is done the men go to the saloons, the women go to bed to rest, and the boys and girls go out on the streets to meet any and all kinds of associates and to be taught any and all kinds of crime. The fact that a great many of them do not become criminals is sufficient evidence that they have the right principles in them, and it is for the development of this kernel of good that the money of Mr. Carnegie and other rich men should be expended in building homes for working people, where the rent will be low and where the highest sanitary regulations would be applied. With bright, clean, pleasant homes would come that love for books and better things which Mr. Carnegie seems to think will come from libraries, no matter what kind of homes people have to live in, and there is where Mr. Carnegie is making the greatest mistake of his life.

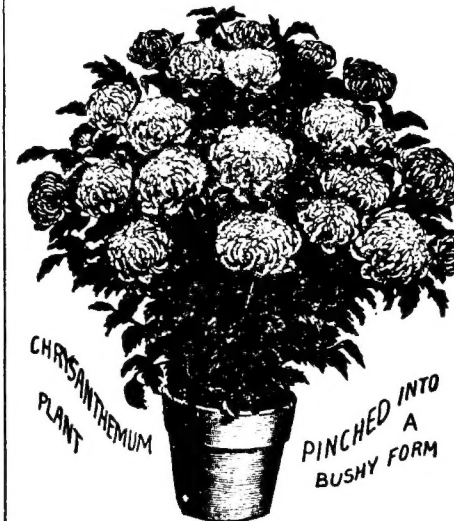


WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



If the season happens to be a dry one, it will be necessary to water the flowers if we expect them to do well. This should be done at night, or anyway, after sundown—that the plants may get all possible benefit from the application. If water is applied while the sun is shining, evaporation will take place so rapidly because of the heat, that most of the moisture is given off from the soil before the roots of the plants are reached by it. But if it is applied after the sun has gone down, the soil has an opportunity to take it all in, and as there will be precipitation of moisture then, rather than evaporation, the plants will receive the benefit aimed at. In watering plants, do not sprinkle the soil all about them, but take the nozzle off the watering pot and apply the water directly from the spout to the base of each plant.

If a screen, or a division-fence between one part of the garden and another is desired, a very effective one can be easily made by stretching woven-wire netting on posts, the height of which corresponds with the width of netting used. Train over this netting—which should have a rather coarse mesh,—any kind of vine that suits you, and in a short time you will have a mass of foliage and flowers that will answer all the purposes of a fence of a purely ornamental character. A permanent fence of this kind can be covered with our native Ampelopsis, which can be found growing along streams, and in swampy places, in nearly all parts of the country. This vine is easily transplanted. It grows rapidly, and is always beautiful, but especially so in fall, when its foliage changes from green to crimson and maroon.



If you are growing Chrysanthemums for fall flowering,—and few women, nowadays, are without at least half a dozen varieties of this very popular flower,—they should be given careful attention at this season of the year. Do not allow them to grow to suit themselves. If you do, the chances are that when fall comes you will have a lot of scraggly plants. Keep watch of them as they are developing and train them into proper shape by pinching off the ends of the branches that are inclined to lengthen at the expense of others. If this is done, side branches will be formed, and thus you get a plant that is bushy and compact and symmetrical in shape.

If the black aphid attacks your Chrysanthemums, procure some tobacco—the stronger the better,—and steep it in hot water until its strength is fully extracted. Then apply this to the infested plants in the form of a spray, taking particular pains to see that it reaches every part of the plant. This is important, as, if a few aphides escape, they will multiply so rapidly that before you are aware of it your plants will be covered with their progeny.

Keep the ground in which your plants are growing well stirred by the frequent use of the hoe. Don't think, if the season is a dry one, that a hoe ought not to be used. Loose, open soils absorb all the moisture that comes along, while dry, hard, crusted soils are unfavorable to absorption. An ordinary dew, or a light shower, cannot penetrate the crust, hence your plants receive no benefit from them. An open soil acts like a sponge, and takes in whatever moisture it comes in contact with.

To grow Dahlias well, you must keep their roots always moist. Save all the water of wash-



ing-day to use about them. Apply it in painful quantities, and apply it daily. If there isn't enough washwater to last the week out, use

water from the pump. The washwater is better, however, because it contains a certain amount of nutriment which the Dahlias can make excellent use of.

After the Petunias have perfected their first crop of flowers, go over the bed and cut the old branches back at least two thirds their length. In a short time new branches will start, and these will, after a little, produce flowers. By going over the beds in this way several times during the season and feeding the plants well, you may have as good flowers all through the summer and fall as those which the plants gave at their first crop. But if this is not done, the plants take on an exhausted look, and their flowers are few and inferior, after July. One of the secrets of successful floriculture is the renewing of a plant after it has passed its prime. If you can do this, you can keep your plants healthy throughout the season, and if you prevent them from forming seed they will blossom as freely in September as they did in July. That is—most plants grown in the ordinary garden. Some plants cannot be coaxed to do this. They will produce one crop of flowers, and only one.

The Gladiolus ought to be in every garden. It is to the garden what the Geranium is to the window. Anybody can grow it. Give it a soil of moderate richness, made light and mellow, plant it four inches below the surface, and keep the weeds down about it, during the season, and—it will do the rest! There will be from two to four flower-stalks from each strong root, and these will bear from ten to twenty flowers each, of the richest and most brilliant colors imaginable. The colors range from white and palest yellow to red, crimson, carmine, scarlet, cherry, rose, lilac and mauve, often with combinations of several distinct colors in the same flower. The new Gladiolus hybrids are simply magnificent in form, size, and beauty of color. They are wonderful improvements over the old Gladiolus. No garden is complete without a few of them.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"What will kill the green lice which infest my house plants?" Mrs. S. D. G.—Shave a quarter of a pound of the Ivory soap you use in the kitchen into fine pieces, and cover it with a little water, and let it stand on the stove until melted. Then add to it a half-pail of water. Dip the infested plants in it, shaking them about well when under water. This is a safe insecticide. It will not harm the most delicate plant, but it will kill every aphid with which it comes in contact.

"I have some Geraniums growing in the garden. Can I make use of them in the house in winter? Some tell me they will not bloom well." Miss A. H.—If you allow them to bloom freely in the garden, in summer, you cannot expect much from them during winter. No plant can keep on flowering the year round. It must have a resting spell. Your Geraniums will take theirs at a time when you want them to furnish flowers, if you use the old plants for this purpose. The only way to make sure of fine flowers and plenty of them is to have a set of plants expressly for winter use. These should not be allowed to bloom during the summer.

"What will keep moles away from the garden?" S. S. J.—Scatter seeds of the Castor Plant about the place troubled with these animals. Next year grow some Castor Plants. They are extremely effective as ornaments of the garden because of their dark, rich foliage, of immense size, and the fact that they are obnoxious to the mole makes them doubly desirable.

"I never have any luck with basket-plants. They always turn yellow and die. Why?" Mrs. L.—Probably because you do not use water enough on them. You will readily see, if you give the matter a little thought, that plants in baskets require a good deal more water than plants in pots because they are suspended in a warmer stratum of atmosphere where evaporation is more rapid than on the window-sill below. They are also exposed to the air on all sides, and as a general thing, they are in vessels which are not well calculated to retain moisture. There is no trouble in growing plants well in baskets if you are careful to give them all the water they need. It is a good plan to have them suspended by a cord long enough to allow you to drop them into a pail of water, where they should be left until they have become completely saturated. In hot summer weather it may be necessary to do this once a day. Another good plan is to take a tin can and make a small hole in the bottom of it. Fill this with water, and set it in the basket. Watch results. If the water escapes as rapidly as it ought to, the soil will be kept moist all through as long as there is any water in the can. If the soil dries out about the edge of the basket, you may be sure that the hole in the can is not large enough to meet the demand for moisture. Enlarge it a little and take more observations. It is an easy matter to adjust the size of the hole to the amount of water required. If this plan is followed there is no more attention demanded by a plant in a basket than one growing in a pot. Simply fill your can and put it in place, and leave it until it needs refilling. The foliage of the vines can be arranged about it in such a manner as to almost if not quite hide it, therefore it need not be unsightly.

Bessie Webster.—The plant you describe is *Scilla maritima*, or Sea Onion, a member of the family from which the medicinal extract of squills is prepared. * * * Lilies do best in a sandy loam. They should be given a well-drained location and planted from eight to ten inches deep. In fall cover them with a foot of coarse litter to prevent the frost from heaving the bulbs and breaking the roots sent out from their base.

Miss L. D.—The editor of this department has no plants for sale. Consult the advertising page in this paper and of the leading magazines, and write to the florists whose advertisements you find in them, for free catalogues.

Mrs. J. C. Hale.—Roses are propagated by cuttings, by divisions of the roots, and by layering. Cuttings should be of half-ripened wood. Let them be about three or four inches long. Insert them in coarse sand, in shallow boxes or trenches, and make the sand quite firm about their base. Keep moist at all times. Layering,—which is a surer method for the amateur,—consists in bending down a branch, preferably one near the base of the plant, and inserting a portion of it in the soil, leaving the end in an upright position. At the place where the branch comes in contact with the soil, make a cut from below, about half way through the branch in a slanting manner. This somewhat obstructs the flow of sap and a callous forms, from which roots will, in due time, be sent out. After the branch begins to grow well—but not before—sever that portion of it connected with the parent plant. Roses which send up sprouts freely can be divided in such a manner that each sprout can be taken away with a few roots attached. This is the safest of all methods for increasing stock of choice varieties. But nowadays Roses are so cheap that it does not pay one to depend on cuttings or layering.

H.—In August or September I will endeavor to give a plan for making an effective bulb bed.

Mrs. H.—If fresh lime is used, worms can be driven from the soil of pot-plants by its persistent use. Air-slaked lime is worthless. Take a piece as large as a coffee-cup and dissolve it in a pailful of water. When the sediment settles and the water clears, apply enough to each plant to thoroughly saturate all the soil in the pot. A smaller quantity will be ineffective. Repeat the operation if necessary. For red spider the thing is so effective as clear water. Apply it daily, as a spray, all over the plant, being particularly careful to reach the under side of the foliage. Or, if you can dip the plants in water heated to 130 degrees, this will kill the spiders without injuring the plants.



2. Lord Kelvin.



3. Archbishop Corrigan.



4. Thomas Nast.



5. H. O. Havemeyer.



6. Miss Helen Gould.



7. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr.



8. Capt. Wynne.



9. Countess Helena Davendorf von Schoenenberg.



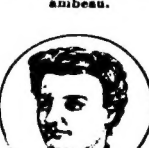
10. Lord Pauncefoot.



11. Rev. Henry Van Dyke.



12. Count de Rochambeau.



13. Countess de Rochambeau.



14. The Queen Mother.



15. King Alfonso XIII.



16. Daniel Maceo.



17. Miss Beveridge.

1. One of the most prominent men in the Roman Catholic Church in America was Archbishop Corrigan of New York City, who died recently at the comparatively early age of sixty-two. He was greatly beloved by the people of his own faith and highly respected by all Protestants. Had he lived he would no doubt have become an American cardinal. His funeral in New York City from the cathedral was one of the most impressive ever held in that city.

2. Probably the most eminent scientist and inventor of modern times is Lord Kelvin of England, who was before his elevation to the peerage Dr. Wm. Thompson. He and his wife were recently in the United States, Lord Kelvin coming over to see the wonderful advances this country has made in electricity, and he was royally received everywhere. He went back to England saying he was amazed by what he had seen, and he was coming back before long to learn more.

3. When Horace Greeley, the old time Republican, ran on the Democratic ticket against General Grant for the Presidency, nothing hurt him so much as the caricatures made of him in Harper's Weekly by Thomas Nast, the artist. Mr. Nast became famous by them. In later years Mr. Nast retired to his home in New Jersey, doing no more cartoon work, but recently he has been appointed Consul General to Ecuador by President Roosevelt, whose personal friend he is, and will for a time at least come before the public again, but not with his pencil. Mr. Nast is sixty years of age.

4. One of the greatest and best known business organizations in this country is the Sugar Trust, and recently its President, H. O. Havemeyer of New York, has been before the Senate Committee explaining that the Trust had nothing to do with the sugar business in Cuba. The Sugar Trust has a capital of \$90,000,000, and produces 1,200,000 tons of refined sugar annually.

5. Not long ago a fine new building was presented to the Naval Branch of the Y. M. C. A. of Brooklyn, N. Y., the finest of its kind in the world, most of which was paid for by Miss Helen Gould, of New York. President Roosevelt sent a telegram of congratulation and the Secretary of the Navy and Admiral Dewey made speeches. Miss Gould also made a short presentation speech, and said the building represented the work of many women.

6. The automobile is gaining in speed all the time, and Americans are taking away the honors from the French, who have been before the leaders, as their machines still are. Recently, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., of New York, on a French machine in France beat all records, making five-eighths of a mile in about thirty-three seconds. His machine cost \$10,000.

7. Americans have not been so stirred up over anything connected with Italy since the killing of the Mafia gang in New Orleans some years ago, as they have lately by the arrest in Venice and jailing of three officers from the U. S. Warship, Chicago. Capt. Wynne of the Marine Corps and his brother officers were charged with being drunk, disorderly and resisting the police. They were treated like common criminals but, by intervention of our representatives at Rome, King Humbert released them. The matter is not yet settled.

8. The Countess Helena Davendorf von Schoenenberg, wife of a Holland Count, unable to find suitable employment in this country, and deserted by her husband, has been tramping about in New York and Pennsylvania looking for her husband. She was in New York at last accounts having walked nearly all the way there from Philadelphia, and she announced that she would walk clear to Dakota to get a divorce if necessary. She is an American girl.

9. Lord Pauncefoot, British Ambassador to the United States, died at his home in Washington, May 26. For some time past his condition was such that he was not able to attend to his duties and a successor was to be appointed, but it was not thought that his illness would result fatally for some time.

10. The Presbyterians of the United States, one of the wealthiest and most influential religious organizations in this country, have been greatly agitated over proposed revisions of the Westminster Confession and the adoption of more liberal ideas, and at every Assembly, annually, heated discussions have taken place. At the last Assembly in New York, Rev. Henry Van Dyke, who gave up his pulpit because of his liberal views, was chosen Moderator, which is a distinct triumph for the progressive party. The Confession was also revised, but the disputing is still unsettled.

11, 12. One of the notable recent events was the unveiling of a statue in Washington to Marshal de Rochambeau, who was a friend of the United States during the Revolution. Among the distinguished French visitors who came over to attend the ceremonies, were the Count and

Countess de Rochambeau, the Count being a great-great-grandson of the Marshal. The French warship, Gaulois, came up Chesapeake bay to Annapolis, where she was received by the U. S. Naval Academy officers and calets.

13, 14. With great ceremony and pomp the Spanish people in May crowned their Boy King, Alfonso XIII. He is sixteen years old, and the youngest crowned head in Europe. He is popular with the people, and most of his popularity is due to his mother, who has been a very sensible woman ever since she came to Spain from her Bavarian home. Alfonso is not physically strong and he is very young to assume the affairs of state, even though he is surrounded by advisers who will bear the greater part of the burden.

15. When General Antonio Maceo, one of the best known of the Cuban patriots was killed at Puerto Principe Hill, he left a son, Daniel, then ten years of age. The boy became an interpreter on the Oregon, and was in the battle of Santiago and later served on other ships. Then he came to this country and attended school at Newport News. He tried to get into the Military Academy, at West Point, but claimed he could not as he was a champion of Admiral Schley. He is now fourteen, and recently was in New York looking for any kind of work, as he was penniless.

16. Miss Kuehne Beveridge is an American girl who is making a name for herself in England as a sculptress. Her latest and greatest work is a statue representing Ireland mourning for her sons lost in South Africa. It was ordered by Lord Kimorey. Miss Beveridge lives in London with her mother, the Baroness von Wrede.

17, 18, 19. The greatest catastrophe of modern times was the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique, West Indies, in May, when thirty thousand people lost their lives by the sudden explosion of the volcano Mt. Pelee. Millions in property were destroyed and a whole city literally wiped out of existence, and is now covered by ashes and lava. The first man to reach the United States from the scene of the disaster was Captain Cantell of the ship Etonia, and he told a tale of horror. Very few Americans were lost, but among them was Consul Prentice and his wife and daughters.

20. One of the rich men of the later day millionaires is John W. Gates, who made his money in steel, iron and tin consolidations, and he has been having a great good time with his surplus. He has not only upset Wall Street in New York a time or two but he has done a whole lot of other things which rich men do not ordinarily do. Mr. Gates won a lawsuit not long ago which added about eleven millions of dollars to his other millions. He is a "good fellow," and his money has not spoiled him.

21, 22. Strikes have been disturbing both sides of the ocean within the past few weeks, and the great strike in Belgium was scarcely quieted when the coal miners of Pennsylvania determined to go out, taking 150,000 men from work. We give pictures of Leopold, King of Belgium, and John Mitchell, President of the United Mine Workers.

23. For months the country was divided on the question whether the honor of the naval victory of the United States over Spain off Santiago belonged to Admiral Sampson, in charge of the fleet, or Admiral Schley, temporarily in command as senior officer, and feeling is still high. But Admiral Sampson has gone to his rest, and whatever may be said for or against him, there is no doubt that he was an admirable officer.

24. Not long ago, Severo, a Brazilian aeronaut, was killed in Paris, by his balloon taking fire and dropping him 1,500 feet to the earth. But Santos-Dumont, another Brazilian, and the most famous of modern aeronauts, is still willing to risk his life in the air, and has been in this country arranging for exhibitions at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, and at other places. It is not beyond guessing that he will not be alive by 1904.

25. The wife of President Roosevelt, owing to his and her dislike of women becoming too much in the public eye, does not often have her picture in the papers, but we present herewith her latest photograph, which is also a very good likeness of her. It will be seen that she is a handsome woman.

26. One of the best known business men of the United States was Potter Palmer of Chicago, who died there in May, aged 80 years. Mr. Palmer went to Chicago from New York state fifty years ago, poor. When he died he left an estate valued at twenty-five millions, ten millions of which was in the famous Palmer House of that city. He was interested in many lines of business.

27. One of the best known American novelists, and one of the best through more than a quarter of a century, was Bret Harte, who recently died in England at the age of sixty-

two. As a poet Mr. Harte became known the world over for his poem, "The Heathen Chinee." He did his first work in California, and went to England as a Consul in 1878, and did not return to this country. His wife lived in Plainfield, N. J.

28. The United States and all the world rejoiced a month ago when it was known that Wilhelmina, the "Little Queen" of Holland, was to survive an attack of typho-pneumonia after a long and hard struggle. An heir to the throne was expected in August, but that hope has been destroyed, and Holland was glad to save its Queen, for she is as popular as her husband is not.

29. President Loubet of the Republic of France has been visiting the Tsar of Russia, and receiving the highest honors from the most despotic country in Europe. The French and Russians have been great friends for some time, and as long as they have interests in common against other powers the friendship will continue.

30, 31. On the 30th of May the American flag was hauled down in Cuba and the new Republic was formerly transferred to the newly-elected President, Estrada Palma, who had made a triumphal march from one end of the Republic to the other. Mrs. Palma left New York to join her husband a few days before the inauguration. Mrs. Palma is greatly interested in the welfare of the women of Cuba and will be very active in doing all she can for them. Whether the Cubans are capable of self-government remains to be seen.

32, 33. One of the most shocking tragedies which has occurred in this country in years was the killing in New York City of Paul Leicester Ford, the author, whose best known book is "Janice Meredith," by his brother, Malcolm W., who immediately shot himself, and the brothers were buried side by side. The author was a deformed cripple, while his brother was one of the finest athletes in the world. When the father died he gave nothing of a large fortune to Malcolm, and his brothers and sisters would not share with him. He brooded over it until it unsettled his mind, and he shot his brother and himself.

34. The game of ping pong has become so popular all over the country that people have been silly over it and croquet, tennis, golf, base ball and all the rest of them are secondary just now. Ping pong is nothing more than tennis played on a table in the house. Ping pong clubs are growing up everywhere and New York City has teams playing against each other for large sums of money. One of the champion pingpongers of that city is Samuel J. Sloan, who acquired fame only by ping pong, though of a family whose name is famous.

35, 36. No such fight by all classes has been made anywhere as that against the Beef Trust in the United States, led by the New York Herald, which exposed the Trust's methods in putting up the price of one of the prime necessities of life, especially to working men and their families. Among the leaders of the Trust are Michael and E. A. Cudahy of Chicago, whose pictures are herewith given.

37. A bright little chap is this, the youngest son of the late Admiral Sampson. Ralph looks the sailor boy, and he will no doubt take to the water.

38, 39. Until recently the Kingdom of Siam, did not have a recognized representative to this country, the diplomatic business necessary to be attended to being looked after by a special envoy sent over for the purpose. Now, however, there is a Siamese legation at Washington and the Minister is Phya Akharaj Yaratdhara, who has been representing Siam in London and coming here when needed. The King of Siam is a young man and his name is Chulalongkorn. The United States has a large trade with Siam.

40. One of the best known women in the country is Mrs. Belva Lockwood, who is a lawyer, in Washington, D. C. Mrs. Lockwood has been prominent in all woman suffrage movements, and was a candidate for President of the United States on a woman's-party ticket. She has been quiet for a long time, but has recently come into public notice through a speech against the present Philippine policy of this government.

41. The best known minister of the gospel in the United States, if not in the world, was Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, who died at his home in Washington several weeks ago. He was born in New Jersey in 1832, and had been preaching since early manhood. For the past thirty years his sermons had been printed once a week without a single miss, and at one time they appeared in 3,600 papers and were read by thirty millions of people. Dr. Talmage left a widow and four children, all grown. While he was the finest pulpit talker in America, he was not recognized by any denomination and he was at all times a money maker. He left a fortune made out of his preaching, lecturing, books, and editorial work of over three hundred thousand dollars.



27. Bret Harte.



28. Queen of Holland.



29. President Loubet.



30. President Palma.



31. Mrs. Palma.



32. Paul L. Ford.



33. Malcolm W. Ford.



34. Samuel J. Sloan.



35. Michael Cudahy.



36. E. A. Cudahy.



37. Ralph Sampson.



38. King of Siam.



39. Phya Akharaj Yaratdhara.



40. Mrs. Belva Lockwood.



41. Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage.



17. Capt. Cantell.



18. Mrs. Cantell.



19. Miss Cantell.



20. John W. Gates.



21. King Leopold.



22. John Mitchell.



23. Admiral Sampson.



24. Santos-Dumont.



25. Mrs. Roosevelt.



26. Potter Palmer.



THE HOME WORKERS OF COMFORT.



AN inquiry from Jane L. C. of Peoria is answered in the sensible experiment of Clara Louise Kellogg, the singer, who, when a young lady was very much annoyed by the thin appearance of her arms when she was obliged to wear evening gowns at her concerts. She tried the use of the broom, and soon had round, plump arms as the reward of her exercise. This experiment would result in two things, apparently, the development of the muscles of the arms and the accomplishment of the weekly sweeping, which would probably be appreciated by our correspondent's mother. Breathing exercises are, of course, a sure help for a caved-in chest. At night rub the chest with a mixture of cocoa butter, one part, with two parts of lanolin. Every morning dip a sponge into cold water and dash it over the neck and chest, afterward rubbing thoroughly dry with a heavy towel.

Anna and Lula Green of Keokuk write asking for suggestions for entertainments suitable to be given by the young people's society of their church. We have heard of one which seems to us unique and from which a good deal of fun can be gotten, and we trust it will strike our young friends in the same way.

Get all your pretty and talented girls to dress in their prettiest gowns, and over the gown to wear some comical, old-maid get-up, any old forlorn rig they can contrive. Let them wear expressions to fit their outer garments, and all appear on the stage, as though gathered for an entertainment which is to be given by one of your men gotten up as a Professor of the black arts. At one end of the stage have a large wardrobe, or corner partitioned off with curtains, large enough for a person to go in and make a slight change in her attire. Then have the Professor ask the ladies if they care to change their estate and appearance, and if so, will they please step into the closet; before going in he will give each a drink of something which he will call the elixir of life and which will renew their youth. One by one the poor old things come forward, go into the box and then come out, all in their pretty, fresh, up-to-date gowns and with youthful and smiling faces. Of course the outer garments are arranged in such a way as to be quickly and easily dropped off inside the cabinet. As each one comes out, she goes to the front of the stage and entertains the audience with a song, a piece on the guitar or mandolin, or a recitation, according as she possesses these accomplishments. Those who have nothing of this kind to offer in the way of entertainment can think up something funny for the entertainment of the audience, such as taking a dog into the cabinet and coming out with a link of sausages. This idea can be enlarged upon in various ways by bright girls and a very satisfactory entertainment be given to their friends.

We illustrate and describe herewith a warm weather night-gown, which is practical and easily made and so very comfortable that after once worn one never wants to wear anything else. The one we show has puffed sleeves, but one more comfortable still may have sleeves left off altogether, simply putting a full ruffle of wide Hamburg around the armhole, and a full ruffle around the neck to match.

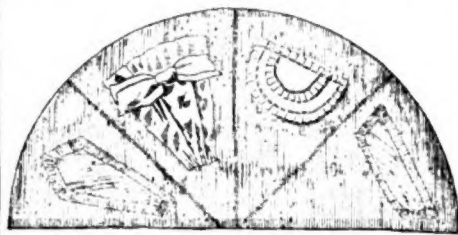
Get Long Cloth, which comes only by the piece of ten yards, and which costs \$1.50 for the piece. This cloth is very soft, being wholly without dressing, and so is cooler and most suitable for warm weather underwear. Cut like an ordinary chemise, perfectly straight, with an opening for the neck. This opening is cut about twice as long as the size it is to be when finished, and then gathered for a distance of a quarter of a yard, front and back, to make of right size to slip easily over the head. Then decorate the neck in any way desired, making it square as shown in the illustration, or making a round neck, in which case a full ruffle of Hamburg is the prettiest finish. Finish the edge around the neck with a fine, straight edge of narrowest Hamburg. If elbow sleeves are desired, take a full width of the cloth and gather into the

WARM WEATHER NIGHT-GOWN.

arm-holes. Finish with a ruffle of the Hamburg and then gather into a band to fit loosely just above the elbow. Two widths of the Long Cloth is sufficient for the garment unless one is very stout, in which case put in gores under the arms.

The needlebook which we show belongs to the writer, and has been so convenient for carrying in a bag when going on short trips, and is so easy to make that we give its description, thinking it may be used in arranging for holiday gifts.

Get a red morocco skin, or one that is bronzed, and then several of these books can be made at slight cost. The book is in the shape of a half circle, eight inches on the straight edge. A lining one-fourth inch larger all around, is cut out of satin of any color desired. Upon this lining is stitched a strip of the leather which has previously been bound with narrow ribbon and which is for holding two papers of needles. A pocket for scissors is also made of the leather and bound and stitched onto the lining. A gathered pocket is made of satin and stitched on to hold spools of thread, and some leaves for



NEEDLEBOOK OPEN.

needles are made of flannel, feather-stitched or button-holed around the edge, and tacked onto the lining. These things are put on in such a position that the book can be folded between them. Then this lining is hemmed onto the wrong side of the leather and the inside is complete. Fold the two ends toward the center and then fold together, as shown in the sketch marked "Closed," and fasten narrow ribbon, to match the lining, at the two folds, to tie and hold all together.

Probably most of our older readers did "spatter work" when they were children. This decorative feature has been revived, like the tatting and crochet patterns just now in great vogue, and for the benefit of the younger readers we give directions for doing this work artistically, also suggest some articles of furniture to be used for this decoration.

Spatter work is a trick rather than an art. First buy a common stiff nail brush and two or three stiff tooth brushes. Get a fine piece of sieve and a few fine and coarse pens. Buy five cents worth of burnt umber in the powder and a quart of malt vinegar. Take some pieces of new board for practice pieces. Then gather some lovely ferns, a large quantity of them, and put them carefully into heavy books to press. From old magazines cut out designs of birds and flowers; also gather small flowers and press very carefully. Have all your materials at hand, lay your design face down on the wood, then arrange ferns and leaves and fasten very firmly with pins; have the design close. Then mix a large flat dish full of umber and vinegar, thin and smooth. Do not use a tin dish. Dip the brush into the liquid and rub it rapidly across the sieve, holding it above the design. Fine spatters of the liquid will fall on the uncovered portions, and when sufficiently covered, remove the design carefully, one spray at a time, and the result will be a perfect outline of all the ferns and leaves which will, of course, be white, or whatever color the board was, while all around the edges will be fine spatters of black. When perfectly dry, varnish with white varnish, using a brush such as painters use for putting on varnish. The pens are used for putting eyes into the animals and birds, etc., and making heavy stems to flowers and ferns where desired.

Now if you have an old table, that is, one which is good shape and strong but which is scarred and needs painting,—paint in white and when perfectly dry put on a fine design in spatter work. Use old furniture for this purpose, also a painted wall, which will be found to take the spatter work beautifully, and many quaint designs can be worked in this way. For a nursery, for instance, put a series of Red Riding Hood pictures, which you have cut out of an old picture book. New ideas will come to you which will be original and pretty and this work is fascinating and inexpensive and therefore very desirable.

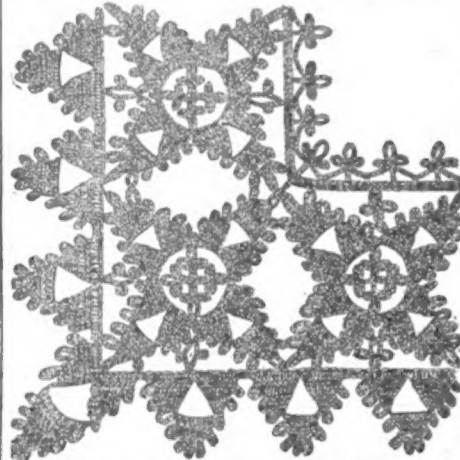
CROCHET TERMS.

Ch, chain; sc, single crochet; dc, double crochet; tc, treble crochet; stc, short treble crochet; dte, double treble crochet; p, picot.

TERMS USED IN TATTING.

D, double; p, picot; ch, chain; bet, between; s p, short picot; l p, long picot.

HANDSOME BORDER FOR TABLE COVER.
Use ecru crochet cotton and steel needle. Commence in center of diamond, * ch 9, 1 d into 3rd stitch, ch 6, 1 d into 1st ch 5, 1 d in last d, ch 2, 13 c in 1st of ch 9, repeat from * 3 times more, break cotton and fasten securely. 1st Round—* 1 sc, in center of 3 p, ch 12, repeat from * 3 times more, draw through 1st sc.



HANDSOME BORDER FOR TABLE COVER.

* For a point work 1 d in each of 6 stitches, turn, skip one stitch, 1 d in each stitch, turn, skip 1 stitch, 1 d in each stitch, turn, ch 5, 1 sc in 1st stitch, 1 d in each stitch, turn, skip one stitch, 1 d in each turn, ch 5, 1 sc in the 1st, 1 d in each stitch, turn ch 5, 1 sc into the 1st, 1 d in next, work down the side of point with 1 sc in each stitch. Work another point like this omitting picots at the side when the point is reached, work ch 6, 1 sc in point of 1st point, work this 3d point like the 1st as far as the picot at the point, then, * 13 c in each of 2 stitches, ch 5, 1 sc into the 1st, repeat from * 4 times more, 1 sc into each of next 2 stitches, repeat from 1st * 3 times more, break cotton and fasten. All the diamonds are worked alike.

For the edge work a straight line of chains joining the picots with 1 d in each p. The points are made the same as those forming the diamonds excepting at each corner, then use ten stitches instead of 6 and put 3 p at each side and 3 at the top.

For the inner pattern at top of border:
1st Row—1 tr in stitch forming 3 p at corner, ch 3, 1 sc in next p, * ch p, 1 d in 14th, ch 4, 1 d between 2 points, ch 10, 1 d in the 5th, ch 3, 1 sc in 11th of ch 9, ch 10, 1 d in 2nd p of next point, ch 4, 1 d in next p, repeat from * to end of row, all corners are made alike.

2nd Row—1 d in each stitch.
3rd Row—1 tr in tr of last row, ch 8, 1 sc in 1st ch 10, 1 sc in 1st, ch 8, 1 sc into 1st of ch 8, and into 1st single together, ch 3, skip 4, 1 d in each of next 2 stitches, * ch 13, 1 sc into 5th, skip 3, 1 tr in next, ch 10, 1 sc in 1st, ch 8, 1 sc in 1st and top of tr together, ch 4, skip 2, 1 sc in each of next 2, repeat from * to end of row.

COLLAR OF FEATHER-EDGE BRAID.

Materials: Braid No. 2, thread No. 40.

1st Point—Make ch 5, sc in 3rd loop, ch 5, sc in next 3p loop, repeat 15 times; tr in every 3rd loop, catch in 1st stitch. This forms the star; ch 2, sc in 3d loop from last tr, ch 2, sc in center of ch 5. Repeat to top, ch 1, draw needle through 2 loops at back; double braid and with needle and thread sew 9 loops together.

2nd Point—Ch 5, 1 sc in 3d loop. Repeat 15 times, joining the 9th and 10th holes to those in the 1st point; also the 1st tr to last 1 in 1st star. Repeat from beginning till long enough to go around the neck.

For top part, make 5 loops, joining only 2 stars together, sew on to wide piece already made.

For cuffs, make narrow edge the same, and the wide with twelve loops and star crocheted together, making them just large enough to slip over the hand easily.

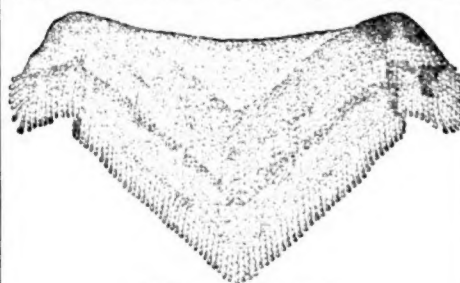
SHAWL IN CROCHET.
The materials are 4 oz. white, 1 oz. pink Shetland wool. Wind the wool double. The shawl is begun in the middle. Make a chain of 5 stitches with the white wool double; join round.

1st Round—Ch 3, 1 d in ring, repeat 3 times more.

2nd Round—Ch 3, 1 d in center ch 3 of last round, ch 3, 1 d under the same; repeat 4 times more.

3rd Round—Ch 3, 1 d under the ch 3 of last round, ch 3, 1 d under the next ch 3, ch 3, 1 d under the same. Continue working in the same manner until the inner square is as large as you require it to be. Always increase at each of the four corners. Work twelve rows in the same manner with pink wool.

Finish the shawl with ball-fringe made in white wool. Take about thirty strands of wool, cut into lengths of about four inches. With a needle and double wool fasten the



CROCHETED SHAWL.

scissors, leaving the wool that secured them whole. Shake over boiling water until the balls become round; tie each length under the three chains of last round of shawl.

CROCHET EDGING.

The center of this pattern is worked cross-wise, the heading and edge lengthwise. Make chain of 11.

1st Row—2 tr separated by ch 3 into a stitch, ch 3, skip 5, 2 tr separated by ch 3 into the next, ch 3, skip 3, 2 tr separated by ch 1 into next; turn.

2nd Row—Ch 4, 1 tr under ch 1, ch 2, 1 d in center of ch 3, ch 3, 5 tr under ch 3, ch 2, 1 d in center of ch 3, ch 2, 4 tr under ch 3, 1 half tr under ch 3, ch 5, turn.

3rd Row—2 tr separated by ch 3 under 2nd of 4 tr, ch 3, 2 tr separated by ch 3 into center of 5 tr, ch 3, 2 tr separated by ch 1 under ch at turn of row; repeat from the 2nd row for length required.

For the edge.
9 d under ch 5 at turn of row, 5 d under next ch 5, ch 5, work back with 1 sc in center of 9 d, turn; work 9 d under ch 5, then 4 d under the ch the 5 were worked under. Repeat from beginning.

For the heading.
1 tr into stitch at the other side of center, ch 2, skip 2, and repeat from the beginning.

TATTING TRIMMING.

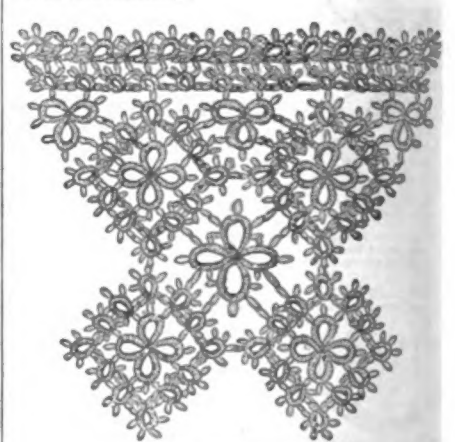
Commence in center of diamond 7 d 1 p, 4 d 1 p, 4 d, 1 p, 7 d draw. Make 3 more, close and cut thread.

For row surrounding these make 2 d 7 p with 3 d bet. each, 2 d draw, leave one-fourth inch of cotton, work ring like the last, but before closing join to side p and next ring, repeat 3 times more, joining each ring as directed.

For the small diamonds composed of 4 rings, work as follows, 5 d 1 p 4 d join tr p of next diamond, 4 d 1 p, 4 d join tr p of next diamond, 4 d, 1 p, 5 d, draw, repeat from beginning 3 times more.

For the group of three connecting diamonds at the top work same as above, joining p at edge of diamond when making the 3d p of 1st ring, the 1st and 3d p of 2d ring, and the 1st p of 3d ring; fasten thread firmly and cut.

For the heading.



TATTING TRIMMING.

1st Row.—4 d 6 p separated by 2 d, 2 d join to p at point of diamond, close. Draw cotton through the last p leave one-fourth inch. Make another ring like the last, but do not join to p, all are alike and are joined to picots, (see design.)

2d Row.—2 d, turn work and begin to join this row from end instead of the beginning of the previous row (this is to make rings lie in opposite direction) join to 3d p of ring of preceding row, 8 p each separated by 2 d, 2 d close, leaving nearly one-half in. of cotton, 2 d join to 2d p of next ring of 1st row and last p of last closed ring of 2d row together 6 p each separated by 2 d draw, repeat from * to end of row.

PRETTY MATS.

A sheet of white wadding and a skein of Saxony will make three mats ten inches in diameter.

Cut out a circle of wadding, any size you wish, and strips two inches wide, long enough to go round the circle three times. Take the Saxony—pink or light green makes beautiful ones—and crochet round the mats, and both sides of the strip, with chain of twelve stitches, caught about an inch apart. Then plait in double box plaits and sew through the center, having the edges of the plaiting and mat even. Tack the edges of each box plait together, making it stand up full. They are pretty, easily made, and serviceable, as the dust slides off the shiny surface. Some one try them.

Comfort's Prizes for Home Workers.

\$5.00 For First Prize, \$3.00 For Second Prize. Also Consolation Prizes.

Can you crochet, knit or do tatting? If so send us a sample of your choicest pattern and we will gladly pay you for your time and trouble, as we are very anxious to secure new and original designs of lace, also new ideas for sofa pillows, patchwork and any suggestions or a bit of practical experience as to how inexpensive materials can be utilized in making the home more attractive.

Can you not aid us and in so doing assist yourself? Devote a little of your spare time to competing for one of our prizes.

The person sending in the handsomest piece of lace, either crocheted, knitted or tatting, with full directions for making the same (write plainly on one side of the paper only), will be awarded the FIRST PRIZE, the next in choice the SECOND PRIZE.

CONSOLATION PRIZES consisting of special premiums, or cash, will be given to all those who send in anything in the fancy work line that will be suitable to use in this department, but which does not draw a prize.

All competitors for prizes must have their answers in this office by August 15.

Address all letters to "Comfort" Home Department, Augusta, Maine.



CHAPTER VI.

ROSE left Major Cleveland in great excitement of manner, but with all her wits strung to their utmost tension. Her mind was usually clear, sharp and decisive. Some bold and desperate step was necessary as matters now stood, and with compressed lips she resolved to take it, whatever it might be. Plan after plan, suggestion upon suggestion, floated through her mind—presented themselves, were examined, dismissed, and she still remained undecided as to her course.

To marry Walter Armstrong that night was her determination; and she was only at loss, therefore, at the means to accomplish such an end.

As she entered the house she saw Mr. Metcalf, and hastily drawing him aside, commanded him to watch Major Cleveland—his every step and movement.

Scarcely were these words uttered, ere Captain Arbald came smiling and begging her hand in the dance then forming. Rose accepted immediately and they entered the drawing room together.

The dance commenced, and in the midst of it she looked up and saw Major Cleveland standing with folded arms, smilingly watching her. When she looked again, she thought she saw a motion or a signal to her companion, which she felt assured was answered over her shoulder, as the major with an acquiescing nod turned and walked away.

As he did so, Rose saw him stop suddenly and stare upon the person of her maid—a young but superior Irish girl, who stood half way up the hall, but quite visible to Rose from the position in which she chanced to be. The major, after looking at the young girl for a moment or two, turned and walked towards the hall door. As he did so, the light that poured from the drawing-room door into the hall, fell upon his features, and in the instant in which Rose could observe his face, she saw that it was lighted up with some new thought over which he appeared to be chuckling with delight.

"He is laying his train," thought Rose; "what can it be?"

She looked from him to the maid, instinctively feeling that she had something to do with the major's visibly expressed pleasure, when suddenly a suspicion of the truth flashed upon her mind.

The instant the dance was over, Arbald made an excuse for leaving her, and she saw him hasten away in the direction the major had gone.

Her own course was resolved upon without further hesitation. Hastening up to Metcalf, she whispered—

"Arbald and he are together. Watch!" And then commanding Bridget, her maid, to follow, she ran up quickly to her own apartment. "Change dresses with me," was her brief and emphatic command. The girl looked astounded and began to exclaim, but Rose imperatively commanded her to silence, and repeated the order.

The change was soon effected and Rose directed her maid to proceed to the drawing-room, to throw open the door which communicated with the hall and to stand by the window, as if looking out upon the moonlight. In this position her back only would be seen, and the guests seeing her there apparently in a reverie, would generally respect her privacy. But if any did approach, Rose's directions continued, she was to step off upon the piazza, as if unwilling to be observed, and if followed then there were abundant ways of escaping detection once in the garden walks. Bridget was a shrewd, smart girl, and Rose felt every confidence in her ability to carry out the deceit.

Meanwhile, Metcalf followed Arbald and the major, who, walking down the garden, both halted by a bush, behind which Metcalf crawled up and listened.

Major Cleveland explained to Arbald, in a few words, how matters stood.

"Now," said he, "I have an idea which, if carried out, puts Armstrong in our hands and opens your way to the hand of Miss Elsworth. I am sure that Rose will attempt by some means to consummate a marriage with that rebel before tomorrow morning. She is shrewd, cunning beyond belief, and unless we play a desperate game, it will assuredly be done. Now she has a maid in attendance upon her who is near her size and figure. My plan is to bribe this girl to represent her mistress, disguised as her to be introduced into the presence of Armstrong, and there married to him—he thinking it Rose, and knowing her character, ready to suspect some plan in it to effect his escape. Do you see?"

"The girl will never consent."

"We'll tell her it's a jest—a sham marriage for the amusement of the thing—or else, which would be true, show her that she will be a widow before tomorrow night, with a good fifty pounds in her pocket, and free to marry again if she pleases. Send her to me and I'll manage it, never fear. Luckily we have the chaplain with us. Go hunt up the girl, but don't be seen talking with her."

Arbald went to obey his superior's command, and Metcalf crawled off and made for Rose's presence as rapidly as possible.

Ascending to her room, he knocked at her door. She admitted him, and listened to his communication without surprise. It was all just as she had divined.

Rose descended by a back way to the lower floor, and slipped out of the house unobserved. It was not difficult to manage it so that Arbald should see her, and she allowed herself to be conducted, with averted face, to the presence of the major.

As it was, the shadow of a tree in which they stood, effectually concealed her features, and her voice she knew how to manage too well to fear disclosure in that way.

"You look like a lively, quick-witted lass," said the major.

"Oh, so all 'our' admirers say."

"Do you know how to keep a silent tongue?"

"Bless us! Haven't we always been in practice? Ain't 'we' mum as to what all the gentlemen say to 'us' about the bouquets, the presents, the love-notes—"

"Yes, yes. But how would you like to earn fifty pounds?"

"Good gracious! fifty pounds? How can you ask?"

"Fifty pounds if you will marry—in jest, mind—a man whom I will name to you."

"Well, did I ever! Marriage! real marriage?"

"No, only in jest—to decide a wager. You must disguise yourself as your mistress, when you will be admitted into the presence of Captain Armstrong."

"Dear me! Captain Armstrong! Well?"

"A pretended chaplain will be by, and a sham form of marriage will be gone through with. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes."

"You must not speak above the lowest whisper, nor let the captain see your features. The moment it is done, fifty pounds are yours."

"But, I don't understand—"

"Oh, you understand quite enough for your part of the performance."

"Now, major, it's only to be a play marriage, sure?"

"Nothing but a joke, I assure you. You will make the fifty pounds—quite a little fortune for one like you, you know."

"But, s'pose, sir, it should turn out to be a



real, no-mistake marriage—"

"But it isn't. Come, do you consent? 'Tis only a jest. You will see that for yourself."

"Will Captain Armstrong think it a jest?"

"Oh, I'll manage that. He thinks there is a plan on foot to introduce your mistress to him for a similar purpose, and so I've planned this trick. What say you?"

"Fifty pounds, sir—all in gold, mind you—is more than 'we' can resist. I'll slip on one of my mistress' dresses at once."

"Do so. Meet me here the moment you are ready—in half an hour, say?"

In less time than that mentioned by the major, Rose was upon the spot designated. She wore a heavy veil that shrouded her head and face, and her dress now was, of course, one of her own. In a few moments the major came up.

"Good," said he. "You look your mistress to the life."

"I'll act her to the life, sir, you may be sure of that."

"I am sure of it. You're a smart girl. Are you ready?"

"I am, sir. Please to tell me, major, now, what really is to become of the young captain?"

said Rose, as they walked off together.

"Do you like the captain?" inquired Cleveland, in response to her query.

"A mere boy, your honor, but not rich enough for Miss Rose Elsworth, is my way of thinking. Why, sir, she ought to be able to marry a man as high as yourself—a major or a general."

"She could if she would not throw herself away upon this clown!"

"That's what I think, and say, mister major."

"Would you like to prevent it?"

"Prevent it, how, I'd like to know."

"By this marriage."

"What does your honor mean?"

"By making this marriage a real one."

"Good gracious! You take my breath away!"

"Hush! Don't make such a chatter!"

"You know, sir, 'we' must faint upon such occasions."

"It would be mere form. The captain dies tomorrow—Captain Armstrong," resumed he, "will be sent down to New York tomorrow to be tried as a spy. He will hardly escape. This marriage is necessary to secure an impor-

tant end. I'll make your reward a hundred pounds instead of fifty—and, if necessary find you a real husband into the bargain."

"Oh, lor, you startle me so."

"A hundred pounds, remember."

"I—I, really sir—"

"You've gone too far, girl, to retreat. You must marry him, knowing my plans as you do, or be sent down to New York a prisoner yourself. If the captain does not die, you can obtain a divorce—I will assist you to it."

"I'll do it, sir. It's hard, but I know if I should be sent down to them prison ships I should die—I should. But, don't tell anybody—please don't."

"The secret will be safe. Here is a ring for the ceremony. Remember now—caution. Keep your veil over your face. It will be over with in a moment."

They had arrived at the barn. The guard stood back and saluted them. Cleveland gave his companion a warning pressure of the hand, and Rose was ushered into the presence of her lover.

The place was dimly lighted by a single lantern. Walter and an officer in dark uniform stood by a bench on which the lantern rested. As Walter saw Rose enter, he gave a look of surprise and started toward her. Rose seized his arm, and whispered quickly—

"Be governed by me—a scheme—a marriage to save you."

Looking back, Rose saw a figure watching her, which she knew to be that of Major Cleveland. The guard stood also looking in. This she was glad of, as a witness was necessary. Taking Walter's arm, she led him up before the chaplain—who, simply informed that he was to marry the prisoner to a woman who would present herself, and to mention the circumstances to no one, began the ceremony at once. Walter was confused and astonished, but a pressure upon his arm from the hand of Rose, controlled the expression of his astonishment, and he quietly, but with a vague wonder, performed his part in the ceremony.

It was over, the chaplain closed his book. Rose drew her veil closely around her face and passed hurriedly out, trembling now that the thing was over, and amazed at the temerity of



the step she had taken. She had not passed ten steps from the door before Major Cleveland stepped up to her side from out the shadow of a shrub into which he had withdrawn.

"You've done it, hey?" said he.

"Yes, your honor. It's a great shame and a wickedness. It's remorse that's in me, mister major."

"Tut, tut," replied the major; "here's the sum I promised you. You're richer, my girl, than ever you were before, I'll be sworn, and have done more good than harm at that."

He slipped into her hand a roll of notes, and then turning upon his heel would have walked away, had not Rose seized him by the arm with well acted fear.

"Don't leave me, don't leave me, yer honor. It's guilty I feel with this gown on, and if any of the young officers should speak to me, the murder would out."

"That's true. I will walk with you to the entrance. Keep your veil close."

"Never fear, mister major. It's ashamed I'll be to look at my own face from this hour forth. I tremble all over with the guilt. Do, yer honor, let me support myself a bit on yer arm."

Rose took her companion's arm. The major yielded it awkwardly, and with an inward impatience upon the impudence of the supposed Bridget. Rose continued talking, without noticing the manner of the major.

"Ah, sir, I shall never dare look in Miss Rose's eyes again. What will she say to me, to be sure? It will be a dumb and shame-faced moment for me when she looks right through into my heart with those eyes of hers, and says, 'Bridget, what was it that ye did?'"

Pouring out a flood of lamentation, sorrow, and regret in the above style, she succeeded in guiding Cleveland around and up to the rear entrance of the building without his perceiving their course.

"Confound it, girl, where have you brought me?" exclaimed he, as he found himself on the piazza of the house. We shall be exposed."

"No fear of that, sir. Jist let me glide into the dining-room unseen, and it will be all right. Let me hold your arm close. It would be an awkward thing for some of the young gallants to pry me out now—wouldn't it, sir? Only leave me in the room—the rest will be all

right, never doubt."

Without observing the awkward restraint with which the major yielded his arm, Rose led him into the house, and quickly passing into the dining-room, they entered together. The room was lighted, for the guests had freely been passing in and out. The major rather roughly shook himself from his companion, and turned to leave the room, Rose glided before him, closing the door as she did so, and stood facing him with her back to the door.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed he impatiently. "I mustn't be seen here with you. What do you mean, I say?"

Rose threw off her veil.

"It means, Major Cleveland," exclaimed she "that I had the trump card, and have taken the trick!"

The major started back with the most bewildering and unaccountable amazement, as the clear ringing laugh of Rose Elsworth burst upon his astounded senses. Rose, with her lightning eye, her cheek glowing with a splendid carnation, stood looking at him, the impersonation of exultant triumph.

The major could not speak. He was a picture of rage, mortification and foaming fury.

"I'll thank you, sir," said she pointing to the wedding-ring upon her finger, "for an order for Captain Armstrong's release."

"Miss Elsworth!" at last exclaimed he, between his teeth.

"Your pardon, sir. Mrs. Armstrong—by your kind assistance."

"By—!" The major choked down the oath, but he shook his fist in the air.

"Caught! tricked!"

"It was too bad, I know, Major Cleveland, to make you pay so dearly for your own discomfort, but really, the trouble you gave me entitles me to the hundred pounds. I'll keep them, sir, as a memento of the occasion."

"The maid betrayed me, then—I'll—"

"Not at all, sir. You never spoke a word to Bridget. I was the only person you saw."

"Ha! Then Arbald is a traitor—"

"He is innocent as a lamb. The guilt, sir, lies wholly on me. Shall I send for Arbald that you may commission him to release Captain Armstrong?"

"Madam, this is a farce!"

"Sir, I know it. But it has been played out, and you, unwittingly, have acted the clown."

"The end is not yet. I refuse to release Captain Armstrong. I refuse to be governed by a forced construction to a promise which I meant to apply differently. He is still my prisoner, madam, and your proceeding shall only hasten his condemnation and punishment. By heavens, I have a mind to go at once, and shoot him like a dog!"

"If your promise," said Rose, calmly, "is not observed to the letter, I'll proclaim you through the army. I'll degrade you in the eyes of every English officer and gentleman in the land. You disgrace your sword, sir, by this very hesitation. Your bitter, unsoldierly and dishonorable hatred and persecution of an honorable prisoner, drove me to an extremity which nothing but a question of life or death could have permitted me to undertake. My womanly modesty I was forced to outrage. You compelled me to stoop to things which I abhorred. But I have a brother who is an English officer; a husband who is an American one. Be careful, sir, in what way you use my name in connection with this night's work, for, be assured, they will not fail to punish a slanderer, or a libertine tongue. Release Captain Armstrong, and your treachery remains a secret. None need know it, for the marriage I shall require to be solemnized before consenting to bear his name. But refuse, and with one word I'll make a public confession."

Major Cleveland walked the floor during these remarks, gnawing his lips, and muttering fierce imprecations.

"Madam, I'll not abandon the field so easily."

"You acknowledged the binding nature of your promise, when you attempted, with such heartless cruelty, to entrap the captain into a marriage with an Irish servant. How would that story sound, think you? And what would be said of the sagacity and discernment of an officer who could allow such a deceit to be practiced upon him as I practiced upon you? There is only one retreat—let the captain go."

The major ground his teeth together. He tried to think of a loop-hole through which he might escape. Nothing suggested itself. He was hemmed in on all sides. At last he stopped before her.

"Miss Elsworth!"

"Excuse me, sir, if I assist your memory. Mrs. Armstrong!"

"Mrs. Armstrong, then—"

He was interrupted by the quick, clear crack of a rifle. The major started, and turned his head to listen. It was followed immediately by a dozen rapid discharges and a faint, distant shout. He drew his sword, and throwing open the door, hurried into the hall. Rose darted from the room by another way, which ushered her into the drawing-room. Here all was terror and confusion. The officers, at the first alarm, had left their partners, and hastened without to learn the danger. Some of the ladies were screaming, all were pale, but the largest number remained calm and collected. They were used to such scenes.

Meanwhile, confusion and uncertainty prevailed without. The discharges still continued. Major Cleveland took his stand upon the piazza, and rapidly gave his orders. Officers rushed hither and thither, and the troops, many of them aroused from slumber, began rapidly to assemble, and form upon the lawn. A sentinel was brought up, badly wounded, who explained that he had been fired on from an ambuscade. A young officer, a moment afterwards, came up, and hurriedly informed the commandant that they were beset on all sides by a party whose number it was impossible to ascertain. The moon by this time was near its setting, and for the moment, obscured by a cloud. This of course confused and embarrassed the movements of the loyalists, but they were soon mounted, and, headed by Major Cleveland, dashed towards the scene of attack.

The ladies, huddled together, listened to the clamor with the courage which so distinguished the women of that period. Several of the troop had been detailed and left to protect them—for Major Cleveland would rather lose a battle than his reputation for gallantry.

Rose was pale and calm. If she secretly experienced more fear and anxiety than the rest, it was because she had so much more at stake. She could not conceal from herself the likelihood that Major Cleveland might attempt to sever the gordian knot of his perplexity by the death of Walter—so easily accomplished in the midst of a melee like this, without a chance of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)



Hot Weather Cookery.

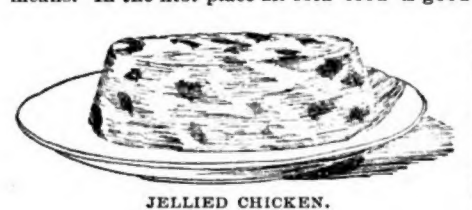


HERE is very little pleasure in doing kitchen work in hot weather. At other times of the year the housekeeper does not object to the duties that keep her near the stove, but when the thermometer begins running up as though it were going to pop over the top of the tube she longs to get to a cooler corner.

One of the things besides the heat that makes the kitchen work harder in summer is the feeling that people want something to tempt their appetites. In cool weather almost anything goes in the way of food so long as it is wholesome and well cooked. In the heated term it is different. The appetites of the men who do the out-door work may be good but the appetites of the women and children begin to fail. Very often the men, too, turn away from the abundant provisions and wish that they had something else for a change.

The great struggle is to find something that will taste good and be nourishing and give the variety that is craved without putting a great burden of extra work upon the housekeeper. She generally has a big load to carry in summer, when, if she lives on a farm, there is the care of the butter and milk and very often extra mouths to cook for. She is willing to do all she can, but sometimes it seems a little more than she can bear to be expected to do all the hard labor and provide fresh bills of fare at the same time.

There is no doubt that it is hard and the only way to lighten the care is by trying to find out something that will save extra work and yet provide good results in the way of food. There are very few housekeepers who do not wish to make their table attractive. They feel a pride in it and unless they are very tired like to learn of new ways of doing things—especially when these new things can be done without too much extra care.



JELLIED CHICKEN.

One of the ways in which they can simplify their labor is by accustoming their families to a certain number of cold dishes. I do not mean by this that hot food is to be ruled out. By no means. In the first place all cold food is good for no one as a steady diet, and in the second place there are many persons who object to it and do not feel satisfied unless they have a certain amount of hot food placed before them three times or at least twice a day. One cannot expect to break them of the habit all at once, but with a little effort it is possible to offer them such attractive cold dishes that they will in time come to prefer them to an unchanging diet of hot food.

Take meat, for instance. Plain cold meat, while some persons like it very much, is not relished by many men and women. But with very little more trouble it is possible to make the cold meat into a savory or attractive dish that nearly every one will find acceptable.

Look at beef. Cold boiled beef is not very good to the palate. Cold roast beef is better, but in these days of high prices for beef it is not always within the powers of housekeepers who have little money to spare to buy a good big piece of roasting beef in order to have a lot left over to eat when cold. With the little extra work that is involved in making beef *a la mode*, a name that sounds more formidable than the thing is itself, one may get a cheaper cut of beef and have a round that will be good hot and good cold and will tempt the appetite as long as there is a piece of it left. It may be cooked when other work is going on at the kitchen stove and if a large piece is prepared it will save cooking of fresh meat for a couple of days afterwards.

Look, too, at corned beef. The reason more persons do not like this is because it is so carelessly prepared for the table. It often comes on in a ragged, untrimmed piece and makes its appearance when cold in the same shape. If a little more care were taken in the cooking and in pressing it properly when it is cold it would look better and taste better. For the food that is attractive to the eye is better to the taste than that to the looks of which no pains have been given.

Then there is the question of poultry. For some reason, I have never been able to understand, this is generally scarcer on the farm than anything else, and this, too, when the poultry is not sent to market. If the younger chickens have to be sold the older fowls can at least be served to the home people and if properly cooked and well seasoned may be good gold as well as hot.

One of the greatest aids a country housekeeper can have is found in salads and yet these are something she is very likely to neglect or to despise. Perhaps this is because she has an exaggerated idea of the cost and trouble they involve. This is a mistake. Good olive oil for salads is never cheap and although it pays to have it for some salads there are deli-

cious dressings that may be made without it. As for the materials of which the salads are to be made, they are to be had on a farm or in the country for the picking. There is hardly a fresh vegetable that is not good in a salad, there is hardly any kind of cold meat that may not be used in one.

All the housekeeper may do is to give this matter her attention in order to make her work simpler and her table better. When I say to make her work simpler, I do not mean that in certain ways she may not have to take pains she has not taken before. But it will be worth while. If she goes in for salads and good cold meats she can do up her preparations at once and then have more time free from the bondage of the kitchen stove. When she has no hot meat to get ready for her noonday dinner the work of cooking the vegetables will not be so trying. When she has made a salad that with the beans for the Sunday dinner will make enough of a feast to satisfy the family without a good deal of additional hot cookery, she has so much to the good.

Moreover, she can have the thought that she is doing her family good. It is much better for them to have less meat and more green food in the warm days. Nothing is more wholesome than a well prepared salad, not made of rich things, but of simple ingredients that tempt the appetite and do not upset the stomach. I have tried in this paper to give a few hints that may be helpful to the women all over the country who have to work hard and carry burdens at which many people never guess. I wish I knew you all. I do know enough of you

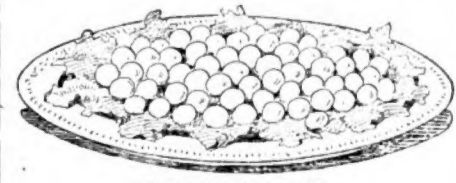


A LEFT OVER SALAD.

to make me feel when I write these things to you that I am writing to those who are my friends or whom I hope to make my friends. I only wish you would write to me and let me know if there are any suggestions I could answer that would be of any help to you.

BEEF A LA MODE.
For this get a piece of beef from the round. It should not weigh less than seven pounds and may be anywhere from that to twelve pounds in weight, according to the size of the family. Bind around it a strip of stout muslin that will keep it in shape and prevent its spreading when it is cooked. If your butcher will do it, get him to lard it with strips of salt pork and if he will not, do it yourself. Take a narrow bladed sharp knife and thrust it through the meat, making slits through it and put the strips of pork in these, leaving them sticking out a little below and above. Make other slits and stuff into these a mixture of chopped pork and fine bread crumbs, well seasoned with pepper, sweet herbs, such as summer savoury, thyme and sweet marjoram, and a little dry mustard. Moisten all with vinegar and cram this forcemeat into the slits and rub it into the surface of the meat. This dish will be more highly flavored if to a cupful of vinegar you will add half a teaspoonful each of allspice, cloves, pepper, salt and mustard and a teaspoonful each of such sweet herbs as have been mentioned above and let the meat lie in this several hours or over night, turning it several times. Even without this it is good. Put it into a broad pot, pour over it enough hot water to nearly cover it and let it cook slowly at the rate of half an hour to the pound. Turn it once. A cupful of the broth from it may be thickened for gravy and the rest will do for soup. When the meat goes from the table put it under a heavy weight and leave it until it is cold. Slice it across the grain. It is good to look at and good to eat.

PRESSED CORNED BEEF.
Select a piece of the brisket, or of the plate, if you like a streak of fat and a streak of lean. Take a piece of cotton cloth that has been shrunk and tie the meat in this in the shape you wish it to be when it is cooked and put with it in the pot a carrot, an onion and a turnip, sliced, a stalk of celery and a few cabbage leaves. Cover it with cold water and let it cook



POT CHEESE SALAD.

very slowly. Four or five hours is none too much. Let it get nearly cold in the liquor before you take it out, and then put it under a heavy weight, leaving the cloth on. Trim off all ragged edges before sending it to table. They may be used for hash.

JELLIED CHICKEN.
Stew an old fowl until tender, putting it on in cold water with an onion, a few stalks of celery and a small bunch of parsley. Let it come to the boil very slowly and cook until the meat slips from the bones. Cut it off in neat pieces, strain two cupfuls of the soup and add to this two tablespoonfuls of gelatin that has been soaked half an hour in a little cold water. Season it well with salt and pepper and sprinkle these on the chicken. Arrange pieces of chicken in a pattern in the bottom of a brick tin, pour in the gravy with part of the jelly, and then put in more chicken, and more jelly until the mould is full. Set it in a cold place until

perfectly firm and then turn it out. Place lettuce leaves or parsley around it and a couple of hard boiled eggs, cut in slices.

This is a very nice supper dish and is especially suitable when you have invited company for supper.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING, I.
Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter light with fork and stir into it a half teaspoonful each of salt, pepper and mustard, a teaspoonful of white sugar, and three-quarters of a cupful of hot milk. Pour this upon the beaten yolks of two eggs and stir until thick in a double boiler over the fire. Add slowly three tablespoonfuls of hot vinegar. Strain and put away to become very cold.

BOILED SALAD DRESSING, II.
Cream together a teaspoonful of flour and a heaping teaspoonful of butter, stir in one egg beaten light, a teaspoonful of white sugar, half a teaspoonful each of pepper and mustard and four tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Put all in a saucepan and cook slowly, stirring all the time until the sauce is very thick. Take from the fire, and salt to taste and put into a cold place. This dressing is delicious if enough whipped cream is stirred into it just before it is to be used to thin it to about the consistency of double cream. If the cream is not at hand a little milk may take its place.

A "LEFT-OVER" SALAD.
This may be made from the remains of several kinds of cold vegetables, the odds and ends that sometimes bother the housekeeper who does not want to have everything go to waste. On lettuce leaves arrange nicely a half cupful of cold string beans, cut into inch lengths, a cold beet, cut into dice, the few peas that were not eaten at dinner, and a cold potato or two cut in neat cubes. Place each vegetable separately. Over all pour your dressing. All should be very cold and it will be found a delicious dish.

EGG SALAD.
Boil eggs hard. Cut them into quarters or eighths and lay them on lettuce leaves. Sprinkle them well with a little salt and pepper and pour over them one of the dressings for which a recipe has been given, or pass it separately.

POT CHEESE SALAD.
Mix with the home made pot cheese enough milk and butter to make it as soft as it can be handled, and season it to taste with salt and pepper. Form it with the hands into balls the size of large marbles, lay these on lettuce leaves and serve salad dressing with them.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—In conducting this department Mrs. Herrick would be pleased to answer any questions that our readers may ask. It is her desire to please all "COMFORT" readers and in order to find out your likes and dislikes can't you write and ask a few questions. By so doing you may give us some hint or suggestion as to how this Household Department should be conducted to suit the greatest number of our readers. Mrs. Herrick's mother, MARION HARLAND, has made herself famous by her rare judgment in household matters, and her daughter is equally gifted in this connection. Address all letters Christine Terhune Herrick, care COMFORT, Augusta Maine.



Spirits of naphtha will destroy bedbugs.

Drying laces by clapping them between the hands injures them.

When you pack your trunk put all the heavy things at the bottom.

Salts of ammonia mixed with lime will remove wine stains from silk.

The skin of green cucumbers, if placed about where roaches frequent, will kill them.

A pound of sulphate of zinc dissolved in two pailfuls of water will deodorize an offensive cess-pool.

Yellow carrots scraped and wilted on a pan or fire shovel make an excellent poultice for old sores.

Scrubbing porcelain or enamel bathtubs with any soap containing sand thins and cracks the enamel.

Boil castor oil with an equal quantity of milk, sweeten with a little sugar to remove its disagreeable taste.

Ink and iron mould may be taken out of goods by wetting the spots with milk and covering them with common salt.

Rub a cheese with a woolen cloth dipped in sweet oil to destroy the mites in it. One or two applications will suffice.

Hang an old eiderdown quilt in the sun for a few hours to restore it to all the elasticity and life it had when new.

To clean floor boards scrub them with a mixture of unsalted lime dissolved in boiling water. Use two tablespoonfuls to a quart of water.

Isinglass boiled in spirits of wine will produce a transparent cement which will unite broken glass so as to render the fracture almost imperceptible.

To keep out moths use alum. Wash over the crevices of store boxes with alum water and sprinkle powdered alum wherever it is suspected there are moths.

To keep silver bright wash it in clean, soapy water and dry while still hot with a clean cloth. Give a final rub with a leather and put away for next using.

To preserve potatoes dip them by the basketful into boiling water and let them remain for a minute or two. The hot water kills the germs that are in the skin.

If the wick of a lamp does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from the side. The wick should be fully as large as the holder will receive.

An easy way to clean lamp chimneys is to hold them for a moment in the steam from a boiling kettle, and rub dry with a clean cloth and polish with a soft newspaper.

The brown-spotted condition of pillow ticks is really grease and dirt that work through the slips. Ticks made of unbleached muslin put over the ticks proper save pillows a great deal. They should be removed and washed once in two or three months thus insuring clean, sweet pillows.

To keep matting fresh in little used rooms sweep it very clean and wipe it with a cloth wrung out of sweet milk. Do this once a year. If the milk wash is used on a living room or a piazza matting follow it up with wiping with very hot clear water to prevent drawing flies.

Flannels and other woollens should be washed in a lather of boiled soap and water, just as hot as the hand can bear comfortably, rinsed in one or two waters of the same temperature and hung in the shade to dry. If dried in the house never put them near the fire to cause steam to rise in the drying.

A Girl's Wit.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

the deed being traced home to its actor. As Rose listened, she thought the firing became narrowed and more concentrated to one point. This point appeared to shift, and to grow more remote. Suddenly, even while this continued, her quick ear detected a struggle, an occasional shot, and the bustle of some movement nearer the house. Was an attack pending against them? She walked to the window with the intention, if possible, of learning the cause of this singular movement. Kate rushed before her, and threw her arms around her neck.

"Don't, sister, don't expose yourself." Suddenly a rapid discharge of pistols, musketry, etc., took place apparently very near the house. Rose, alive to the situation of her lover, detected that it was in the direction and certainly near the outhouse, in which Walter was confined. She shuddered, and covered her face with her hands. The discharge was followed by the tramp of horses' feet, the clash of steel, a shriek, then a loud cheer and a furious rush of horsemen galloping through the grounds. Rose darted to the window, and threw open the shutters. A party of horsemen were rushing through the shrubbery, but making for the spur of the forest. Was she mistaken? Did she not for a single instant catch a glimpse of one form towering high and nobly, which could belong to no other than Walter Armstrong? Had he escaped? A thrill of joy ran through her veins. Hope was more than fear, and she staggered to a chair. As she did so, she saw the face of Mr. Metcalf looking at her through the doorway, beaming and delighted. He was safe then. A thanksgiving went up to Heaven from the depths of Rose's heart.

The firing was becoming distant, scattered, and faint. It soon ceased altogether. In a few moments Major Cleveland and his troop came galloping up. The major leaped from his horse and entered the drawing-room.

"The danger is over, ladies. The enemy is put to flight. I hope you will resume your dancing without fear. I shall guard more carefully against a repetition of such an alarm."

Captain Arbold burst into the room, and whispered a word to his commander.

"Escaped! We've been tricked."

"It was all a ruse, sir, to effect a rescue of the prisoner."

"Are you the victors, gentlemen?" said Rose, rising, and smiling with a quiet sarcasm that stirred up all the major's rage. "Your precious lover—"

A look of concentrated indignation from Rose checked his impetuosity; and, turning to the company, the major bowed, hoped that they would resume their pleasures, and walked from the room.

"Where are the guard?" said he to Arbold, as soon as they had withdrawn from the presence of the ladies.

"Both badly wounded."

"A curse upon them."

"It was adroitly planned, sir. We followed a will-o'-the-wisp, while the real enemy was near at home. The whole party probably did not number twenty men. A half dozen lured as from the spot, the rest made a rush for the prisoner. Both of the guard were struck down, but, though wounded, they recount with clearness the whole affair."

Captain Arbold's surmises were mainly true. Walter's companions, whom he had left in the forest, finding that he had fallen into the enemy's hands, roused up the neighbors and effected his rescue in the manner we have seen.

Major Cleveland took a turn up and down the piazza, after listening to the account of the affair from Arbold. "Humph!" muttered he at last, "I believe it is fortunate, after all. I was in a perplexity. Fate has decided for me."

He had spoken aloud. Rose was on the piazza unseen by him, and overheard him. "Magnanimously said, my dear major. The battle is over, and let us be friends. Will you dance?"

"Madame, I yield to a woman. You fight with weapons I do not understand—"

"With wit, eh?"

The major wiped his brow.

"Really, Miss Elsworth, you have me at every point. I am a prisoner at your mercy. May not tonight's work be forgotten?"

"Yes, if you seek no vengeance upon Armstrong."

"You have my signet."

"True. I will trust you."

The pleasures were resumed, and the ball continued to early daylight, when the guests dispersed, conducted to their respective homes by companies of the troops. A little after noon Major Cleveland resumed his march, and the mansion resumed its old quiet and peace.

When all were gone, Rose went to her father's library, seated herself at his feet, and confessed all. He was astounded. The perfidious scheme of Cleveland's aroused his indignation—and entirely justified, in his eyes, the extreme measures of his daughter.

"I designed it otherwise, Rose, but you have shown me the extent of your devotion to Walter. I will hope that time will open his senses to the wrong he is doing, and thus remove the only obstacle that ever existed to your union."

That very day Mr. Metcalf came to Rose, and after much hemming and hawing, asked her consent to his marriage with Bridget.

"Oh," said she, "then you've been making love under the rose all this time!"

The consent was freely given.

Six months after the events above related, the marriage between Walter and Rose was solemnized, publicly. Walter continued in the service during the war, and lived for many years after in peace and plenty.

THE END.

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The opening chapter of this intensely interesting story appeared in May COMFORT. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing two cents to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Caleb Brett, an aged and prominent citizen of Mansfield village, drew a considerable sum of money from the local savings bank on a certain forenoon and was seen to enter Purinton's mill located near the edge of the village. He did not reappear and later a searching party found his old heavy hat on a slab pile at the foot of a sluice leading from the upper part of the mill. There was also found on the slab a portion of an orange that Brett had been eating as he walked into the mill. It was considered probable that the old man had come to his death by falling down the sluice, but no one could explain just how. The strange part of the affair was that his body had been removed. The length of the sluice was such that it seemed certain that death must have resulted from the fall. Several persons, his nephew, George Brett, Arthur Wing, the village printer, Daniel Purinton, owner of the mill, were known to have been in or about the mill near the time when the old man disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PAPER?"

DETECTIVE Ordwell was spending a sultry afternoon in his room at the village hotel. He was going over some two hundred pages of manuscript that embodied the results of his several weeks' work on the Brett mystery. He was forced to admit to himself, as he had already stated to Mrs. Erskine, Caleb Brett's daughter and his employer, that his results were far from definite.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Erskine had asked him to continue his work, and to co-operate with the county officers. Therefore Ordwell had asked the high sheriff to call around that afternoon and go over the matter with him.

There came a vigorous plack! plack! on the cracked door of the detective's room. He opened to admit the red-headed high sheriff. "I've brought Selectman Andrews with me," explained the perspiring visitor. "He thinks that so long's the town has a big reward up it's only right that he should know how things is movin'."

The detective proceeded immediately to business.

"Probably, Mr. Sheriff," he said, "your findings as you have hunted for evidence correspond pretty nearly with mine. I'm not going to trouble you with all this stuff here," he said, fingering the pages of his manuscript book. "I simply state the many points of my discoveries and will ask you if your line of evidence corresponds with mine."

"Now it appears to be proved that on the 24th day of June at about 10 o'clock in the forenoon Caleb Brett drew from the bank the sum of \$1500 and started for Purinton's mill. He had previously stated to the treasurer that he was going to loan the money to Daniel Purinton. The latter wanted to pay for repairs that he had been making on his mill. Squire Brett went down to the mill with the money because, so the treasurer understood him to say, he wanted to look the Purinton property over carefully before he advanced the loan."

"That's all jest as I get it," broke in the sheriff.

"I understand it the same way," added the selectman.

"But before Brett went to the mill he dropped into the office of the Mansfield Mirror and told old man Wing and son Arthur that he had directed the bank folks to foreclose on the mortgage that the bank holds on the Mirror property. Brett was angry at Arthur Wing because the young man had been bold enough to pay his addresses to Grace Erskine, the squire's grand-daughter. It is admitted that young Wing talked roughly to the old man, who went away vowing vengeance. Young Wing repented, so he says, and for his father's sake started out to hunt Brett up and apologize and entreat the squire to leave his father in peace."

"Now, gentlemen,"—the detective became earnest and put up his forefinger to mark his points—"there were three men who are admitted to have been looking for Caleb Brett that forenoon. One was his nephew George Brett who had driven over from Mansfield Corner to have it out with the old man about that girl he was determined to marry despite the old man's commands. There was Daniel Purinton who wanted to borrow the money Brett drew from the bank. There was Arthur Wing, lover of Grace Erskine, who wanted to coax Brett not to turn his father and himself out of the Mirror office."

"And, as I get the evidence together," said the sheriff, "those parties made a pretty close connection at the mill about the time Squire Brett got there."

"Just so," agreed the detective. "It is on this phase of the situation that Hawkes, the grocer, becomes our most important witness. He probably tells you the same story that he does me. According to Hawkes there was a man in that mill waiting for Caleb Brett."

"George Brett," said the sheriff leaning forward eagerly. "He—"

"Just a moment; let's not hurry," protested the detective.

"Hawkes says that George Brett came along from the direction of the savings bank in his team and rode past the store to the mill. The treasurer had told him that the old man had started for the mill. Hawkes says that George hitched his horse and went into the mill. Then pretty soon along came the squire, bought an orange of Hawkes and walked away peeling it. He went to the mill, too."

"Findin' that half of an orange as we did on the slab pile would show mighty clear that whatever happened to Caleb Brett happened jest about the minute he went into that mill door, wouldn't it?" demanded the sheriff eagerly.

"It might indicate that, and yet he might

have got to talking and held the orange in his hand for half an hour—say, while he was talking with some one else than George Brett," counselled the detective. "We've got to be careful when we go to figuring a thing up on circumstantial evidence. Now follow carefully what Hawkes says: after the Squire had gone into the mill Arthur Wing came hurrying along. A few minutes after Wing had gone in George Brett came out, got into his team and rode back past the store. He reined up at the junction of the road with Elm street and after thinking a moment rode off down Elm right past the Squire's house and away towards the Corner. Then along came Daniel Purinton going toward the mill. All these happenings covered only about twenty minutes."

"A minute or so before Purinton reached the door of the mill Wing came out and walked back up the street. When the two men met, Hawkes, who was sitting on his store platform, noticed that they exchanged a few words. Purinton went into the mill and Wing came along the street. About half way between the mill and Hawkes' store is a little brook. Hawkes noticed without thinking especially about it at the time that Wing stopped at the brook, went down beside the culvert and washed his hands. He wiped them on the grass and then came past the store and started up Elm street toward the Squire's house. But he stopped and cried out to Hawkes: 'Are you sure that you haven't seen the Squire come back from the mill and go home?' 'He's in the mill,' said Hawkes. 'No, he isn't,' said Wing. 'I hunted all around and shouted for him. George Brett had been hunting there, too, and he told me he couldn't find his uncle.' Hawkes says that Wing then allowed that he wouldn't hunt any more for they were busy at the office printing the paper. Then he went down street. Daniel Purinton remained at the mill an hour. He had a bump on his head and his hand was bleeding a bit when he came to the store. He explained to Hawkes that the gate lever was a new one and the workmen had adjusted it so poorly that it stuck. While he was working at it it slipped and hit him a clip. He bought some court-plaster and liniment of Hawkes and went home. He did say before going that he hadn't been able to find old man Brett at the mill. Hawkes allowed that the Squire might have slipped out when he wasn't noticing and had gone up across the field to his house."

"Those are the direct statements of Grocer Hawkes, gentlemen, without theories. Unless we get some more facts to go with them, theorizing isn't going to do us much good. It's complicated."

"How about that hand-washing that Wing did?" the selectman inquired.

"Says he had made up his mind to look the Squire up at the house and so he stopped to wash some of the ink off his hands. Thought he might see the women folks, you understand."

"It's quite reasonable when a fellow's in love," assented the selectman.

"George Brett," continued the detective, "says that he hunted for his uncle in the mill. Thought the old man had come in ahead of him. He went down on the lower floors for he thought the old man might be looking the property over. Couldn't find him. He shouted several times, but the water running over the dam was making so much noise that there wasn't much use in trying to be heard. George says that he went all over the under part of the mill. When he came back onto the upper floor that you enter from the street, you understand, there stood Arthur Wing. Brett has been hinting around, when he has been drunk, that Wing jumped and looked guilty, but I don't take much stock in Brett's statements along certain lines. Wing told Brett that he had seen nothing of the old man, though he had been told that the Squire was right ahead of him. Both claim that the thought occurred to them that perhaps the Squire had peeped into the mill and then had gone across the field to dinner. George says that he did think of stopping at the house and hesitated at the junction of the road. But he realized that he had been drinking too much to talk with his uncle. Wing, who staid at the mill for a moment in the hope that the Squire might appear from somewhere, so he asserts, changed his mind, too, about going to the house."

"Purinton vows that he didn't see the Squire anywhere. He staid around the mill till noon, puttering, and then went to dinner. I asked him if he noticed anything on the top of the slab pile when he was in the under part of the mill and he said he didn't look to see. But he thinks he would have seen a body if it had been there."

The three men, detective, sheriff and selectman, sat in silence and looked at each wrinkling their brows in thought.

"If there was anything crooked in this matter it strikes me that George Brett had the most to gain," said the sheriff. "He wanted to marry that girl that the squire was bound he shouldn't, he wanted to get hold of money the worst way and he was drunk enough to do most anything."

"True," agreed the detective, "but when you go to passing motives around don't skip Arthur Wing. He was dead in love with Grace Erskine and her mother favors him. With the squire out of the way his field was clear. He calls now regularly and seems to be pretty comfortable as a result of the affair. Furthermore when the bank started to foreclose on that mortgage of \$1000, carrying out the last orders that the squire left, the Wings stepped forward, or at least Arthur did, and paid the money. Where'd he get it? I asked him and he said it was a private matter of which he couldn't speak. You have asked him, too, Mr. Sheriff. Would he say anything?"

"He said it had nothing to do with the case and he wouldn't say a word," admitted the sheriff.

"And now last of all here is Daniel Purinton who has settled all his bills for labor and repairs on the mill and yet he told the bank folks that he had changed his mind about borrowing the cash of them. He will not tell where he got his money, though. Says he is under promise not

to tell."

"It isn't a bit surprising to hear Dan'l Purinton talk that way," broke in Selectman Andrews. "He's always been as close-mouthed as tophet—and there don't anything git out of tophet. But as to Arthur Wing—he has always seemed to be one of the most open-hearted chaps in the world. I don't see how it happens that he has anything to cover up."

Detective Ordwell locked his papers into his trunk. "There is one more thing, gentlemen," he continued. "Last night the women-folks at the Brett house told me that George Brett had blurted out something rather peculiar, to say the least. He had been drinking and was very angry at the time, and those elements are to be taken into account. Brett, so the women-folks told me, declared that he knew that his uncle had been murdered and furthermore if he wanted to do so he could put his finger on the man who did the job."

"Sho!" ejaculated the detective, his eyes bulging. Then after a moment's pause the sheriff went on, his wrath blazing out. "By Jupiter, I think it's about time to give some of these knowin' people a chance to tell what they know. Here's this one and the other promadin' around town and sayin' what they have a mind to and keepin' still about what they have a mind to. If I don't make an arrest pretty soon I can see my finish when election comes along. And—" the sheriff paused and smiled grimly—"If I arrest the wrong man it will be worse for me than—" He scratched his chin and fell to musing.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the detective, "can you take a short ride with me after supper?"

"Where?"

"Over to Mansfield Corner."

"Are ye thinkin' that it will be a good idea to give George Brett a chance to git rid of some of his wide and extended knowledge?"

"It occurred to me that it would be well to do so," the detective answered quietly.

They found George Brett at his clothing store. He greeted them rather ungraciously and when they asked for a half hour's talk with him he asked them to come to the hotel. He explained as they walked along that he and his wife were stopping at the Oriental. "We're going to keepin' house as soon as the estate is whacked up," said he. "Maude says she doesn't propose to start up for herself until she can do it in style."

A young woman with many frills arose languidly from a sofa in the hotel room and greeted the men with a bad affectation of gentility. At the request of George she set out a decanter and her husband and the high sheriff partook liberally.

"It might be well for Mrs. Brett to leave us a moment," suggested the detective. But the young woman seated herself on the arm of the big chair in which her husband was sitting.

"Maude and I are in partnership in all things," said Young Brett.

"You understand of course that I wish to talk with you about the disappearance of your uncle—the old matter," commenced the detective.

"Of course," snapped the young man. "I'm used now to having detectives dogging around after me."

"Perhaps if you had told your full story, honestly, at the start, you would have been chased less, said the detective quietly. Brett started to speak, but the officer went on quickly. "I was obliged to work the statement out of you piecemeal, as you well remember."

"I have simply been attending to my own business," growled Brett.

"You have told your relatives that you know who killed your uncle and are not going to disclose his name. I suppose you call that attending to your own business, don't you?" The detective shot his bolt fairly.

Young Brett changed countenance and commenced to bluster. His wife whispered in his ear and he smiled at her and said, "You fellows don't get a word out of me, understand? Isn't that so, Maude?"

"George and I have decided that there has been too much meddling where we're concerned," she remarked, with a toss of her chin.

"But consider your position in the matter," expostulated the detective. "You were known to have been in that mill at the time your uncle entered. You profit largely by his decease. You claim to have accurate information. And yet you refuse to disclose—you of all others, who should be most anxious to see your uncle's murderer run down."

"Do you mean to insinuate here in the presence of my wife that I had anything to do with Caleb Brett's stepping out?" he demanded stormily.

"I simply state that your position is suspicious."

"I can't help that."

"Yes, you can, my dear sir. You can at once give us such information as is in your possession and which you ought to have turned over long ago if you know anything about this matter."

"Then both of you go out and boot," growled Brett. "You won't get a word out of me. 'Tisn't any of your business."

"Is that final, Mr. Brett?" asked the detective.

"That's just what it is," The young man leaned back with a sneer on his face.

Here occurred a startling interruption. The high sheriff leaped to his feet, his face fairly purple with rage and excitement. All the irritation that had nagged him for weeks, on account of the slurs and complaints at the inability of the officers of the county to fasten on the guilty person, now burst out.

"You stand there and thumb your nose at the law, do ye," he shouted, brandishing his fists at the shrinking George. "You and that millhand wife of yours sneer at me, do ye? I have felt right along, George Brett, that you of all men on the face of God's green earth had most reason to wish your uncle tucked away. Now you go to braggin' to your relatives about the service some man has done you by getting your uncle out of the way. Who was that man? It was the man who was waitin' there in the mill that day—the man that was prowling down stairs, the man that is settin' there in that chair."

The high sheriff with trembling hands drew handcuffs from his pocket and fairly stuttering in his excitement he cried, "I now do my duty, George Brett, by arrestin' you for the murder of your uncle, Caleb. Stick out your hands, and may God have mercy on your soul," he concluded hardly knowing that he was using the familiar formula of the sentencing judge. As he stepped forward with the irons Mrs. Brett flew at him and dug her nails into his face. But he shoved her away and locked the handcuffs on the young man who sat staring at him in amazed silence.

As soon as the irons were on the detective drew the wrathful sheriff to one side of the room and whispered, "Haven't you been a bit hasty in this matter, Mr. Sheriff?"

"No, by —" the detective blurted, dabbing his handkerchief at the bleeding stripes on his cheek. But he checked himself and added in low tones, "Well, p'haps I have been. That drink of whiskey and them slurs were a little too much for my nerves."

"Wouldn't it be better to call it off?" suggested the detective.

The detective glanced at the young man who stood with his wife at the opposite side of the room. "I've arrested him and now I'll stand behind it. I'll own up that I didn't intend to do it, exactly, but now it's done and I'll play my hand out. Let him go on the stand and talk to the judge, now."

That night a deputy sheriff of the county slept on a cot outside George Brett's door.

But over at Mansfield village stirring events had been transpiring in the absence of the sheriff and Ordwell. That same afternoon Arthur Wing had blanched and trembled when a scrap of paper had been shaken under his nose by a state detective. Then the officer had demanded sternly:

"Where did you get that paper?"

And when Arthur Wing had not been able to answer he had slipped the handcuffs on his wrists. That night Deputy sheriff Jason Dustin slept outside the door of the young printer. The smouldering rivalry between the high sheriff and the state detective had blazed up so hotly that within a dozen hours the county was on fire from end to end. The intensely interesting solution of this fascinating story can only be solved by at once sending your subscription to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, or renewing your subscription now either for six or twelve months, you can keep in touch with all of the good things being added to COMFORT from month to month.

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FLOSSIE FIELD'S FORTUNES

The Story of a Poor Girl

By Lucy Randall COMFORT

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CHAPTER IV.

NEARLY a week had elapsed and the bright winter sun was shining into Mrs. Joycotte's quiet parlor, one morning, when Flossie Field seemed to wake from a season of blank unconsciousness.

"Have I been asleep?" she asked, vaguely. "Oh,—I remember now."

She clasped both hands over her eyes and sank back on the pillowed sofa. Mrs. Joycotte came to her side with a cup of fragrant beef tea.

"Drink this, Flossie," said she. "You'll be better soon."

Flossie obeyed, her sweet and submissive nature asserting itself at last. From that moment she buried within her heart the ashes of that terrible experience. No tears, or wailings could bring back the dear mother who was gone, but life was still a burden to be borne as bravely as possible for the sake of those around her. She gently clasped Mrs. Joycotte's hand.

"How came I here?" she asked.

"Well—we didn't know what else to do with you," hesitated Mrs. Joycotte, "and Mrs. Wurttemberg, if that is her name, refused to keep you, so they brought you here, where you are very welcome, my dear."

Flossie half rose. "But I have no right to be here," said she, "with people on whom I have no claim!"

"Have you no friends or relations?" asked Mrs. Joycotte.

"No one in the world," said Flossie. "Only myself. Let me go away."

"Nonsense, child," said Mrs. Joycotte. "Why, you couldn't walk to the corner. Don't you know you have been very sick?"

Once more Flossie dropped her head. "I think," murmured she, "that you must be as kind as the angels."

Later in the week, Mr. and Mrs. Joycotte consulted together. "We must get something for her to do, George," declared the lady.

"That is proper, of course," said her husband. "She is not one to live idly on other people."

"She's a sweet lassie. I only wish I could adopt her."

The minister shrugged his shoulders. "Too expensive a luxury," said he smiling. "But I'll try my best to find a bread-winner for her. I only wish she were not so pretty."

"Is that a crime, George?"

"Well, it almost seems so in this case," sighed he. "Where is she?"

"Gone for a little walk," said his wife. "She was very restless to breathe the fresh air and I thought it might be well. She won't be away long."

But it was not only for air and exercise that Flossie Field had gone. She had long been maturing a plan in her secret heart. Among her few possessions were a turquoise ring and an antique watch seal which had been her mother's. Only the fact that she wore them in a chamois leather case suspended from her neck had kept them from Mrs. Wurttemberg, who had confiscated every other belonging of her hapless lodgers!

"I am sure they must be very valuable," thought Flossie, "and if I could only sell them I could pay Mrs. Joycotte something for my expenses."

So she crept out into the spring sunshine and entering the first jewelry store found, unfortunately for her, that it was one of those quiet, exclusive places which dealt mostly in antiques, old coins and gems dear to collectors. Flossie who had determined to be very composed, felt herself tremble as she laid the chamois bag on the counter.

"If you please," said she, "I would like to sell these articles."

The clerk looked totally uninterested. "We are not buying much," said he. "However, I'll look at them."

More nervous than ever, Flossie pulled the string into a knot.

"Will you open it, please?" said she.

He obeyed, staring rather superciliously at the two treasures.

"Is this all?"

"Yes," faltered Flossie, feeling her heart sink within her.

"I don't think we care about buying," he observed, coldly.

"Oh, please do!" cried Flossie. "I need the money so much."

The clerk looked at her again. After all he was only human and Flossie was so anxious and so divinely pretty.

"What's your figure?" said he, curtly.

"I don't think I quite know what they are worth," murmured Flossie.

"Oh, you want me to fix a price?"

"Yes, please."

"Three dollars for the pair, then," said the clerk. "And that's more than you'll get anywhere else for them."

Flossie's countenance fell. "But my father gave six dollars for the ring alone," faltered she. "It was a birthday present."

"That don't signify," said the clerk. "It's old style—not a particularly good stone—and only useful for old gold. In itself, it isn't worth a quarter. The seal is the better article. Three dollars for the pair—that's the best we can do. Come," as he saw the shadow of advancing customers, "take it or leave it. I've no time to talk."

"I must take what you offer," said Flossie, but as she spoke a tear brimmed over her eyelids and fell, with a splash, on the counter. She had always believed so firmly in the value of the blue ring, and the intaglio seal. It was so bitter a disillusion.

"Your pearl stud is matched perfectly, Mr. Mayne," said the jeweler's voice—how silky soft and unlike his brusque accents to Flossie Field, but his customer was gazing after the light figure fitting to the door whose tearful eyes saw nothing but three crumpled bills in her hand.

"Oh, is it? All right," said Mayne, hurriedly. "I'll step in later. I—I've forgotten something."

He left the young man staring after him and

hastened to overtake the girl whom, for the third time, Fate had thrown across his pathway.

"It is Kismet," he muttered, pulling at his drooping moustache. "By all the gods, here comes a shower to speed my cause along."

For the pavement was already sprinkled with bright drops from a passing cloud above, and he opened his umbrella as he hurried towards Flossie.

"I beg your pardon," said he, ingratiatingly, "but won't you accept my escort for a little while? The rain is coming down in good earnest and you have no umbrella. Besides, you are wearing black. What has happened?"

And Flossie, weeping afresh, confided to him her loss. At any other time she would have been more guarded, but just now any friendly voice was welcome, and his expressions of sympathy were inexpressibly grateful.

"I've got a dear mother of my own," said Mayne, whose maternal ancestor it is needless to add, had been dead for years, "so I know how to pity you."

"Please don't detain me," sobbed Flossie. "I'm in a great hurry to get back to Mr. Joycotte's."

"Oh, the old clergyman you mentioned," said Mayne. "I know him very well. St. Viga's, isn't it?"

"His wife is going to get me something to do," said Flossie. "That is, if she can."

"You would like a situation?" he asked, still in the same kind voice, full of friendly interest.

Flossie looked wistfully at him. "I must do something," said she, "but good situations are so hard to obtain. Mr. Joycotte says—"

"Now I wonder," said Mayne, as if thinking aloud, "if I couldn't think of something?"

"Oh, could you?" Flossie stopped short with flushed cheeks. "A companion, perhaps, or a nursery governess?"

For he seemed so genial and gracious, and she, poor child, was so friendless!

Mayne paused as if considering. "Not exactly that," said he, "but I've a friend who is manager of a select theater, where they are bringing out a little operetta."

"Oh, I couldn't sing!" cried Flossie, intensely disappointed.

"A new operetta," went on Mayne, "and he wants a lot of young ladies for peasants and rustic dances, and all that."

Flossie's eyes sparkled. "But I can't dance, either," sighed she.

"You can learn, can't you? It's nothing very complicated, I fancy."

Again Flossie hesitated. "I—don't think mother would have been willing," said she. "She never approved of theaters."

"Oh, this isn't the ordinary thing at all," persuaded Mayne. "There are some very nice young ladies there, and it's a pleasant place to begin in. I could introduce you to an elderly lady there whom I know and she could help you, just at first."

"It's very kind of you," said Flossie, remembering how severely she had judged this kind-hearted man. "I'll ask Mr. Joycotte."

"If you do that we're all up," said Mayne impatiently. "The place is only open for a short time—it may be filled before now for all I know. We ought to decide at once. But if you don't like it there's nothing more to be said!"

And he made a movement as if to turn away.

"I might try," said Flossie, and then added, with a shy little laugh, "here we are, both standing under your umbrella and the rain has stopped long ago. Just look at that rainbow!"

"A good omen," said Mayne, lightly. "Here's caddy," beckoning to an approaching hansom.

"Are we going to ride?" asked his companion.

"It's too far to walk. Why, how serious you are looking!"

Flossie smiled. "Am I?" she queried. "Do you think we shall be gone long?"

"No—why should we?" And he helped Flossie into the cab.

It was not far distant, or at least it did not seem so to Flossie, who had never before ridden in a hansom, and felt a strange exhilaration in the sunshine, fresh air, and the panoramic life that swept by. Her heart gave an exultant throb as she passed at last under the white and gold portals of the Aethalon Theater, where, according to innumerable decorated placards, the "Great Spectacular Marvel of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt" was at present being produced.

CHAPTER V.

"Is this the place?" cried she.

But instead of leading her into the great vacant auditorium, with its dim, overarching dome, and lurking shadows below, Mr. Mayne opened a little green-baize door, artfully concealed under silken draperies, and conducted her along a dusky passage to a snug little room where a stout, bald-headed man sat at a desk, seeming to fill the whole apartment.

"Well, Mayne," said he, looking up, absently.

"Well, Danton," was the cheery response, "I've brought you a new young lady for Cleopatra's body guard. This is Miss Field."

For Flossie had told him all about herself, including her name, in the long hansom ride.

Mr. Danton took his cigar from his mouth and stared at Flossie until the crimson color rose to her cheek.

"Oh!" said he. "Pleased to meet you, miss. Turn around, please. Hum—ha. Nice figure. Carries herself well, too. Know anything about dancing, my dear?"

"No, sir," answered Flossie, almost inaudibly.

"She'll pick it up in no time," interposed Mayne. "I told her you'd pay her ten dollars if she suits."

"All right," said the manager, selecting a fresh cigar, as if the matter possessed no particular interest to him—and Flossie followed Mayne into the sinuous corridor again.

"Why did he call me 'my dear'?" said she. "He is a stranger to me."

"Oh, they all do that," replied Mayne, lightly. "It means nothing."

"Where are we going now?" asked Flossie.

"I'm taking you to Lavoglio's—Madame Adalina Lavoglio's," Mayne answered. "Every neophyte has to go to her."

"What is a neophyte?" Flossie asked, lifting her eyes to his face with childlike curiosity.

"Oh, I don't know—a learner, I suppose—a beginner. You are a neophyte, Miss Field."

"But what have I got to learn?"

"Lots of things. First of all, dancing. Cleopatra's attendants all have to dance."

"Do you think I can learn?"

"Of course you can—why shouldn't you?" said Mayne. "Dancing always comes natural to a fairy, and that's what you are. It's only the technique that will bother you."

"Well, what else?" eagerly questioned Flossie.

"Just a little singing. You're to be in the chorus, you know."

"I think I could manage that."

"I am sure you could. Here's the street where Lavoglio lives. A stuffy old hole, isn't it? But comic opera people always live in narrow streets and rattle-trap houses. I've noticed it, scores of times."

Flossie was thinking. "How much will you pay me, did you say?" asked she. "Ten dollars?"

"Just at first, yes."

"A month?"

"No, Miss Curiosity, ten dollars a week."

Flossie's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, you'll soon go through ten dollars a week!" said Mayne, laughing.

"And all through your kindness," said she.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Mayne. I don't know how to thank you."

"Then don't try," said Mayne, lightly. "Here we are."

He led his companion under the carved doorway of an old house, which had been, in its day, an elegant mansion, but was now let in floors, and preceded her up a shabby staircase into a dreary room, whose yellow-silk-curtained windows were not over clean. The carpet was faded and a bunch of withered daffodils hung over the edge of a cracked vase. A pretty girl, fashionably dressed, sat by the window, supporting her chin in her hands. She looked up listlessly at the entrance of the newcomers. Mayne lifted his hat carelessly.

"Is Madame Lavoglio in?" said he.

"I don't know," said the girl. "I'm waiting to see her myself."

Mayne drew forward a chair for Flossie, and, opening the inner door, went in without further ceremony. The pretty girl stared at Flossie.

"Are you out of a place, too?" she asked.

Flossie started a little. "Yes," she hesitated. "But I hope to obtain one."

"Is he pulling the wires for you?"

"I don't quite understand," faltered Flossie. The pretty girl laughed. "Oh, I've seen him before," said she. "He knows lots of theater people. Say, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know yet."

"You must be a softy," contemptuously spoke the girl. "I'm a soubrette, but business is pretty dull just now. I haven't any friends at court."

She flashed a side glance at Flossie, who made no reply.

"Say," she resumed. "What's your name, anyhow?"

"Flossie Field."

"Sounds like a story-book. Mine is Rosalie

Tipton. Say, I wish you'd introduce me to that fellow. He knows the boss—he can do anything with him. How much are you going to get?"

"Ten dollars a week if—"

"Ten—dollars!" The eyebrows went up. "Well, you are lucky—for a beginner!"

"Don't they pay beginners so much?"

"Not much they don't!" sniffed Rosalie. "You're lucky to get the experience at nothing at all, and find yourself. That chap storing you up, ain't he?"

"How do you mean?"

The girl only laughed. "I wish Lavoglio would hurry," said she.

"Is she going to teach you?"

"She can't teach me much, I reckon." The girl buttoned her soiled tan glove. "All the same, she needn't keep me here forever. I've been cooling my heels for an hour already, but Lavoglio never had any conscience."

Just then Mayne came out. "Madame Lavoglio will see you," said he to Flossie. "She's very much engaged this morning, but I've stated your case and she will spare you a few minutes. I'll wait here."

And Flossie found herself in a second room, even drearier than the first, where sat a richly attired old woman, with silvery hair dressed in Pompadour style above her forehead. She looked keenly at the girl.

"Sit down, child," said she, eying her harder than ever. "How old are you?"

"I am eighteen."

"And you want to go on in 'Cleopatra'?"

"I want—oh, so very much—to earn a little money to pay my mother's burial expenses and the honest debts I owe," said Flossie, her heart touched by a certain kindness in the old woman's voice, and then, in her simple way she poured out her whole life story.

"Humph!" commented Madame Lavoglio. "I don't think I ever saw a case exactly like yours, my little girl."

"Oh!" cried Flossie, "Don't tell me I shall not succeed! You don't know—you could never imagine—how much depends on this!"

"Oh, you'll succeed fast enough," said the old woman. "But do you want my serious advice on this matter?"

"I should be more than thankful for it."

"Then," spoke the Madame, rising from her chair and leaning forward until her hooked nose nearly touched Flossie's cheek,—"then go home to this parson's wife and stay with her. Avoid places like this as you would avoid a pest house! Child, you have this day stood on the threshold of ruin! Go home and thank Heaven—if there be a Heaven—that you have escaped this doom that hung over you!"

Flossie retreated a pace or two, and caught at the table for support.

"Child! child!" cried Madame Lavoglio in suppressed tones. "Are you blind? Can't you see what this all means? Joseph Danton is a scoundrel, and so is this man Mayne—a villain who passes in society as a gentleman and takes no thought beyond the passing hour! Oh, there's plenty such, and their victims are numbered by the score. But you are only a child and there's yet time for you to escape! Go home to your friends—and when you say your prayers tonight remember the old woman who warned you in your hour of peril!"

"But," gasped Flossie, "what shall I tell him?"

"Nothing. Never look upon his handsome, wicked face again! Here, I will let you out at the side door. Turn to the right and make all the haste you can. Earn your living by sewing, scrubbing, washing, if need be, but let these places alone! I had a pretty daughter once. She died young. If she had lived, she, too, might have been ignorant and unprotected, like you. Now go!"

The continuation of this interesting serial will be published in the August number of "Comfort," and that you may not miss any chapters you should send in your subscription at once. 25c. for one full year, or 10c. for a special six months' subscription. See Special Coupon Subscription Offer on another page, this issue.

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The house that tells the truth. 11



Veracious Records of the Doin's in the Cobb-Corner Postoffice, "Writ out" by the Boy Behind the Counter.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.] The quaint philosophers, the dry wags, the shrewd dickerers and the eminent yarn-spinners of the countryside make a forum of the country postoffice when there is room at the rear around the big stove. The stories and incidents on which some of the most successful human interest novels of the day are constructed come from the quaint loungers around the stores in Yankee communities. These official records of "Jeth's Crowd" are to be taken down month by month for the readers of "Comfort," and we hope that as you become acquainted with the members of the "Congress" your interest in their discourse and stories will deepen. In the August number of "Comfort" the "Cobb's Corner Congress" will continue sessions.



face dared to come out of the recesses of the back shop and bask in the sun on the store platform. It was evident that all the fire-crackers had been busted.

"This is the first time I've dast to come out for a whiff of fresh air today," growled Uncle Wack Spofford, as he brushed the dirt off a section of the platform and gruntingly eased himself down with his cane between his knees. "There's been almost too much patri'tism 'round here today to suit me clean up to the handle."

"Patri'tism be dum-flummixed," said Cap'n Jote Bailey scornfully. "If I had a boy that showed the kind of patri'tism that some of these young squirts have been actin' out here today I'd take 'em out in the mill pond and keelhaul 'em. 'Tain't patri'tism ye see Fourth o' July's now—it's cussedness all billed down till it's gummy."

"I jest reckon that's right, Cap'n," joined in Chet Woodrow. "Last night some of them tunketed boys in this village come along and stuck a cannon-cracker right in between the blind and the winder of our settin'-room. Busted the blind and the winder all to smash. I woke up and thought the house was tumblin' down. And while I was gittin' my pants on to go down an' mollywhop the life out of the young land pirats, I heard one o' them say, 'Wal, I guess we've done all the damage we can round here. Let's go and pull old Seth Gifford's strawb'ry plants up and sling 'em over the fence. It'll s'prize him when he gets up in the mornin'.'"

"I heard they done it, too," said Woodrow. "And old Uncle Seth kind o' depends on them strawb'ry beds for his spare change to buy gros'ries in the summer."

"How's old Pudd Dobbs gittin' along?" asked Cap'n Bailey. "I heard it hurt him consid'able when they put that Injy cracker under his chair."

"That's right—it did," said the stagedriver. His pants caught fire and it scart him nigh to death. He was dozin' when the boys done it. Reckin he woke up right sudden. He started to run and the fire blazed up where the burnin' paper was stickin' to his pants and they had to chase him with one of these par-tunt extinguishers and squirt on him. It's the first time I everheard tell of a perambulat'ion conflagration. But it was a pesky mean caper to play on a poor old man."

"Mean—of course it was mean," ejaculated Ezzy Pitts. "And Hiram Dumphy got a black eye out of the scrape that will last him pretty nigh all summer."

"Didn't hear about that," said Cap'n Jote. "Why, Felix Dube, that jumpin' Frenchman, was settin' on the store platform at the time they put the cracker under the old man's chair. When it went off and Pud jumped and hollered. Felix jumped, too, about nine feet right into the air. He looked like one of them 'ere flying machines that the papers are tellin' so much about."

"Wal, when he came down Hi Dumphy was standin' jest about right to git it, and Felix struck out and hit Hi in the eye. The swelled place looks like a thunder shower comin' up in the west at sunset. Hi turned to and licked Felix 'fore he stopped to think that the un-fort'nit' critter couldn't help it. If the two o' 'em had only used their muscle on them boys it would have been better for the neighborhood. This patri'tism bus'ness is well enough to talk about in a stump speech but when ye turn a cust fool boy loose with it and a bunch of fire-crackers 'tain't reel wholesome. When Tom Jefferson writ the Declaration of Independence he wa'n't reckonin' it would ever make the boys of this country independent enough so they would go to pullin' up old men's strawb'ry beds and set old chaps' pants afire. No, sree!

I reckon if Tom Jefferson had a-knowned about how many big city fires and busted fingers and bunged eyes and general devilishness was to come out of that Declaration of Independence a hundred years after, he'd a-thought twice before he'd a-writ it."

"Wal, 'tain't all one-sided," said Teed Strout. "Doe Penely's been flyin' round all day like a red rag on a settin' hen's tail feathers. And he's still a-goin' it. I hear that Hen Torsey's boy has lost a thumb and tew fingers. Ziph Erskine's boy has had his thumb blowed off. Lester Strout has lost an eye and Ernest Drake has got pated so full of powder that he looks like a raw egg with pepper sprinkled over it. The world ain't all one-sided. If ye go in to make other folks hump up ye'll most likely find yourself humpin' 'fore long. I reckon that this will learn them boys a lesson that will last them over till next year."

"Ye can't tell nothin' about lessons lastin'," said Uncle Wack. "There's that boy of Springer's. Last year he had both arms blowed off while he was firing the cannon on the common. This year the darn fool was right around there ag'in while they was firin' the same cannon. Some one lit the corner of the paper but it looked as though it had gone out. That Springer boy walked up, danglin' them tew empty sleeves, and leaned over and phewed on the paper to start the blaze. Flish-h! off she went, and they don't think he'll save his eyes."

"Wal, any feller that don't know more'n that, wouldn't need eyes nor hands nor nothin' else, much," snorted Teed Strout.

"Wal, he hain't exactly intellectool," said Uncle Wack. "I've heern tell that down to the school the teacher asked him how many months there were in the year and he run his finger along under his nose, snuffed and said, 'Septober, Ocktoober, Saint Padrick's Day, Fourth o' July an' Cris'mus!'"

"The' hain't any too much brain goin' to waste out in your neighborhood, anyway," said Ezzy Pitts with a great deal of sarcasm. "Of course ye must know for I heard ye was out there the other day lookin' for some brain matter to fill up the vacant spaces in your head," retorted Uncle Wack. "But ye didn't dast to buy any 'cause your head is so leaky it would all run out ag'in."

Pitts went on after the crowd had laughed: "A feller was tellin' me the other day that old Eph Sargent who lives out there has been braggin' around about his new wife. He says that she is the most complicated lady he ever met. Meant accomplished, ye know."

"Sho! Don't b'lieve he ever said that," said Uncle Wack. "He did, and I'll bet ye on it," persisted Pitts. "Furthermore," continued Ezzy stoutly, "old Eph had his colt out in the yard the other day and he hollered for his wife to come out and look at the animil. 'Sairy,' he yelled, 'come out and see this 'ere colt desert hisself. And after she had been standin' on the platform of the porch a leetle while he hollered to her, 'ye'd better take keer of yourself and not get cold. Better go in off that pizarro for ye're standin' there with your cores all disposed to the air.'"

Even the Postmaster came out at the sound of the laughter.

"The Springer Hill neighborhood is jest about 's good 's some others that I know about," said Uncle Wack finally. "I hain't sayin' how well edicated we are out there and I don't need to. Sometimes common sense is better a blame sight than book-larin'! What you don't know what to do with. What's the good of loadin' a jackass down with books? Now there's Ezzy Pitts there—he's sent his boy away to college. But did ye hear what he and his boy done the other day?"

"Not!" was the chorus. "Don't ye go to tellin' no lies about me," warned Ezzy.

"You go hop up," snapped Wack. "I've got the floor jest at the present time. Ye see," he went on, "Ezzy's boy got home from school in June and Ez put him to work on the farm. Boy was mad and he growled so much that it made Ez mad and they was at it most all day, ev'ry time they met on the place. One day Ez was wheelin' out to the fields some late seed that he was going to plant and he met his boy walkin' in from the field to git some bug killer. There was a path across the field and about ten acres on each side of it. 'Turn out and lemme go past,' says Ez. 'Won't,' says the boy, 'turn out yerself.'"

"Wals'r, they stood there and rowed it and jawed it for a time and neither o' 'em would turn out. Ez set down on the handle of the wheelbarrow and the boy set down in the path and they staid there all the forenoon and all the afternoon and nigh onto ten o'clock that night. Ez's wife had to come out and bat the both o' 'em over the head with a club so's to make 'em come in and do the chores."

"Do any of you folks believe such a gorrained lie as that 'ere?" roared Pitts.

"Course we do," was the answering shout. Pitts grabbed his paper of board nails and stumped away to his team. When he backed it out he found that the celebrating youngsters had shifted the wheels so that the rear end tipped down like a Roman chariot. But he was so angry that he wouldn't remain to remedy it and rode away doubled over his knees so as to keep from falling out behind.

As soon as the Postmaster could get the ear of the crowd after this episode he unrolled a sheet of paper on which he had been at work with his marking brush. The paper bore this advertisement:

"FOREFATHERS' NIGHT." This evening in Hobbs' barn, rear of the postoffice, there will be a free entertainment for the benefit of the rising generation. All those patriotic boys who can prove that they honored their native country by assisting in the celebration at Cobb's Corner last night will be admitted free of charge.

"I guess that will take in all the young critters that are responsible for the busted glass and gardens in this neighborhood," said the Postmaster to his little audience. And then he imposed secrecy and unfolded his plan. The aged conspirators listened and separated with chuckles.

The bill was posted on the side of the post-office and inside of an hour every boy in the village had heard of the proposed show. All came full of curiosity. The Postmaster stood at the single door of the old barn and questioned each applicant for admission as to his share in the celebration. At eight

o'clock he had admitted about fifty boys who apparently had shown a true bill why they should be allowed to enter. Some of the younger boys and a few of the village boys who were known to be real good boys were kept out.

Then, under the flicker of the lanterns appeared the Postmaster. He made a little speech in which he declared that the citizens of the town felt grateful to their enterprising boys for the manner in which things had been waked up the night before. But when the Postmaster said that the village was especially proud of the manner in which the gardens and glass had been destroyed an expression of apprehension came over the faces of his little audience. But they were not left long in suspense.

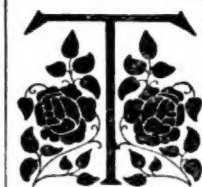
"Boys" continued the Postmaster, "we older fellers have decided to kind of even things up by claimin' the night after the Fourth as Forefathers' Night. The idea is that you boys git so heated with patri'tism that ye're likely to burn your bearin's unless the forefathers cool ye down and git ye ready for the calm of the day after the Fourth."

The Postmaster picked up a nozzle that was sticking through a hole in the side of the barn. "That hose," he said, "connects with the big tank on the top of my store." He turned the faucet. A mighty stream, a forty foot stream, gushed out. With a yell the boys fled to the further corner of the barn but the water searched them out.

It deluged them, it soaked them, it beat and buffeted them. One by one or in little bunches they broke desperately past the Postmaster and scuttled out the door, dripping and screaming in fright. When the last had gone the Postmaster turned off the nozzle and went back to the street where the villagers who were in the secret had stood to watch the outcome of the enterprise. There were trails of wet along the dust in all directions, where the fugitives had scurried for home.

It has not yet been determined whether or not "Forefathers' Night" is to be a regular institution at Cobb's Corner but the Postmaster declares that the town will probably adopt it as a regular celebration if another pane of glass is broken or another garden disturbed. And it may be that Cobb's Corner will be willing to dispose of its patent rights in the feature to other suffering municipalities.

Forests Primeval.



HERE are few people who realize that there is a quiet little village where progress is something so wholly unknown that the residents are living almost as their ancestors did in France one hundred and fifty years ago.

In the Acadian village of Little Brook, N.S., are the descendants of those whom we read of in "Evangeline" the exiles of Grand Pre. Little Brook owes its existence to a cousin of the immortal notary of Grand Pre, by name Anselm LeBlanc, who with his family were deported to Salem, Mass., at the time of the expulsion from Grand Pre. For ten years he lived in Salem, fishing and farming, but became so dissatisfied with longing for his old home, with several Acadian families he traveled through the New England forests for a thousand miles on foot to Grand Pre, only to find its fruitful lands controlled by the same military men who had expelled them years before.

This brave little band continued down the shore of the Bay of Fundy till they came to a fertile stretch through which ran a little stream. Here they settled and called the place Petit Ruisseau (Little Brook). They were soon joined by other Acadians from Canada and the States and now Little Brook is a village extending nearly forty miles along St. Mary's Bay. Among the fifty or so farmers only the original dozen names are represented.

The town has but one street on the sea shore and the houses stretch out for miles on each side of this thoroughfare from which toward the shore are meadows and on the opposite side are pastures and forests.

These homes are cottages of one and two stories containing from one to four rooms. Some are whitewashed, while others are made waterproof by a covering of fish skin. Within we see a spinning-wheel and a cook-stove which burns only wood. And all the year round the inmates sleep on a feather bed. Cast-off clothing is picked into threads which when spun into yarn is woven into carpets and so not a thing goes to waste. English is now taught in their schools though they all speak pure French. They are devout worshipers and attend regularly a two hour service in their little whitewashed chapel. Thus:—

"Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom."



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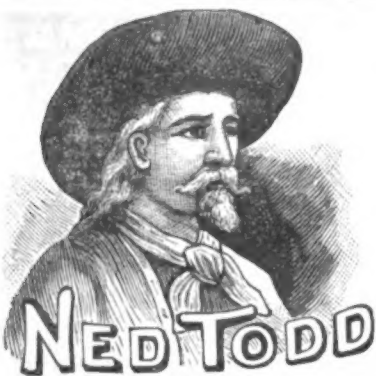
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NED TODD

The Oklahoma Detective, —OR— The Strange Cabin in the Wilderness.

BY HENRY DALE.

Author of "Boomers and Cattle Kings," "The Cheyenne Outbreak," "Shadowing a Shadow," "Chepita," "Mormonism Unveiled," Etc.

Copyright, 1902, by W. H. Gannett, Publisher.

The opening chapters of this intensely interesting story appeared in February COMFORT. Back numbers may be obtained by enclosing three cents to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, for each number desired.

During the past year portions of Indian Territory were opened to settlement by the Government allotment of lots by chance, and the scenes that were enacted in the years gone by, when Oklahoma was the objective point of settlers from east and west, north and south, were again presented in a much more exciting manner. A Kansas telephone girl luckily secured a lot valued at \$17,000, and others were nearly as fortunate.

Because of the exciting events that have transpired in Oklahoma and Indian Territory, events that have attracted the attention of the whole country, the story of "Ned Todd" is presented to our readers in the hope that instruction and entertainment may be derived from its perusal.

CHAPTER XV.

I AM YOUR BROTHER.

ARCH Holland had heard the conversation recorded in the last chapter, and felt his blood run cold.

"Great heavens!" he gasped, but not loud enough to be heard by the precious pair of scoundrels above. "They are going to murder him almost before my own eyes, and I perfectly powerless to be of any service to him."

He would have charged upon them with his gun, had it not been so dark down there, that he could not find his way up. While he, half dazed with dread for the detective, was still debating in his mind what he would do, the man bound hand and foot was thrown over the precipice.

Like a flash a new thought came to his mind. Instantaneously was the plan formed. It was very dangerous, but hazardous as it was, it promised success, and he determined to put it in operation. He placed himself as far out on the edge of the lower ledge of rock as he dared, and the next moment the descending body fell plump into his arms. The fall being several feet, and Ned Todd being no very light weight, Archie was considerably stunned by the shock, and staggered backward until he almost toppled over the bluff himself. As he ran against the loose stone, it fell over and down into the dark torrent below. Archie just recovered himself in time to keep from following it.

Daisy, realizing what had happened, was too much overcome with dread to shriek, or she would have betrayed their presence.

The youth with the detective in his arms sank back upon the ledge of rock.

When Dyke and his companion leaned over the bluff above, and held their torch over trying to penetrate the dark abyss below, all three were out of sight.

"He went right down," said Dyke. "I kin see just whar ther water closed over him."

"Sunk like lead," put in his companion.

"Bet he did."

"Well I'm glad on't. Guess we're rid o' him now fur good."

"Less go then, fur I didn't like this ere place. I half believe ther cave is haunted."

"Come on."

And the two men with their torches turned about and went slowly up the steep path, and soon disappeared from view, leaving a more than midnight darkness behind.

Archie still lay upon the rocks gasping for breath. A sob from the darkness fell upon his ears. He knew who it was.

"Miss Miller," he said.

"Oh, are you there?" she gasped.

"Yes."

"I thought that you had fallen over into the water and was drowned."

"No, it was a loose stone."

"But the detective, Major Todd, he was thrown over into the water, tied hand and foot, wasn't he?"

"Oh, no, he is right here by my side; but I believe that he has fainted."

"What, by you? How is that? Wasn't he thrown into the water?"

"I caught him. Here, I will strike a match and light a torch, and we can see what we are doing."

"But they may see it."

"No, they are gone. They have left the cavern."

Archie lighted his torch, and saw lying insensible upon the flat stone the detective. Kneeling near him was the pale, beautiful, Daisy Miller.

"Oh, he is dead, he is dead!" groaned the girl.

"I don't think he is. But he has fainted. Well, if that trial wouldn't make a man faint, it would be because he was not human."

Drawing his knife, he proceeded to cut the cords which bound the detective, and then chafed his limbs. From out one corner of the rock there came a few drops of water, dropping very slowly into a basin, where quite a little pool had been formed. In the hollow of his hand Archie took up some of the cooling water and dashed it into the face of the insensible man.

In a short time, Ned Todd began to show signs of recovering. Such men seldom faint, but when they do, they recover rapidly. Todd was soon able to sit up, and staring at his young friend and companion in many dangers, gasped:

"Great guns, where am I?"

"You have had a narrow escape, Ned," answered his companion.

answered his companion.

"Let's see, is it all a dream, or was I really thrown over the bluff into the water?"

"It is not a dream. You were thrown over the bluff, but I caught you and kept you from going into the water."

"What? Impossible!"

"No, it is a reality. A solid truth."

"Great guns, what an adventure. Why, it is a thousand wonders that we didn't both go over the bluff."

"We came very near doing it."

"And those rascally road agents?"

"They have gone from the cavern. They don't like it very well. If this cavern could speak, it would a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up the soul, I have no doubt."

"I don't care to hear the story, but we might tell our own adventures since we parted."

This they did.

The adventures of Archie and Daisy are already known to the reader, and all that the detective had to add was that he had been knocked from his horse, and was taken prisoner by the bandits and brought to this place to be executed.

"Well, if you think it safe for us to venture forth, we will go," he at last concluded.

"Oh, yes, by all means let us go," urged Daisy, who had had enough of the horrible cavern.

The lighted torch showed a narrow path up the almost solid stone ascent, leading to the approach of the natural bridge. This they followed, and when they had reached the bridge were so completely exhausted that they were compelled to pause for breath.

"This is a strange cavern," said Archie, gazing about the vast chamber in which they were.

"When I first found the entrance, I supposed that it had never been entered for a hundred years, at least, but now it is apparent that it has been a sort of prison and rendezvous for the road agents since they have had their organizations in this country."

"This discovery is a most significant one to me," returned Ned Todd. "I understand many things that have long been a mystery to me. I can realize now how it is possible for the outlaws when hard pressed to disappear from the earth, so that we are not able to find them."

Daisy was so desirous of leaving that they waited only a few moments, and then turned about and started toward the entrance.

Ned Todd having fully recovered from the fearful shock he had sustained, and being in full possession of all his faculties, went before the others. As they came to the narrow passage, where the path wound around among the broken boulders and hewn stone, he suddenly came to a halt, and raising his hand to enjoin silence, gave utterance to a faint warning:

"Whist!"

Archie and his fair companion came to a standstill, and the youth silently cocked a pistol.

The sound of approaching footsteps could be heard. A moment later and they could even hear voices.

"Put out the light," whispered Ned Todd, and a moment later they were in total darkness. Then far in front of them there could already be seen the faint light from an approaching torch.

Again was the cavern of death to be invaded by some of the infamous band.

"This way," whispered Todd, leading the way along a path which ran under a great projecting ledge of stone, where they all found hiding places behind broken boulders and crevices in the rocks. So near were they, that they could hear every word the two men said as they passed down the narrow pathway. The voice of one Archie recognized as the man he had heard the evening before.

"Oklahoma Peg knows this secret, if she could be made to tell it, Boydston," said the man who was in front.

"Why don't ye make her?" asked Boydston.

"You don't know Peg. She is a regular tigress."

"Well, Captain Snell, I would think that a man who has so successfully managed a band as you have done, would not stand back a single moment on account of a woman."

"If you knew her, Boydston, you wouldn't talk that way. Peg would be burnt at the stake rather than be made to tell anything that she did not want to. She is a regular tigress, she is."

"Well, do you suppose that they have done for Ned Todd, sure enough, this time?"

"Of course, didn't you hear Pyke say that he was done for; and that he had been plunged down the bluff into the stream?"

"Oh, yes, but Todd has more lives than a cat. It seems that it makes no difference how far you throw him, he always lights on his feet."

"When he lights in the water tied hand and foot, so he cannot swim, it doesn't make any difference how he lights. But let's not think any more of him. I want the buried gold."

"What gold?"

"The money that we have for years been trying to find. You know the old cattle king, that had sold his vast herd, and had just got the money when we took him in? Well, he buried his money somewhere and no amount of torture could ever obtain from him where he had cached it. Now I have at last come to the conclusion that he must have buried it somewhere in this very cavern."

Ned Todd, who was holding one of Archie's pistols in his hand, was about to shoot down the scoundrels, and thus rid the earth of two of the worst characters that had ever infested the West; but at mention of the buried treasure, he determined to allow them to live a little longer.

They thought him dead, and he could more easily dog their footsteps. If there was a treasure buried he determined to do his part to find it.

When the two scoundrels went on into the cavern, so far that their voices could not be heard, he followed them. Creeping carefully and cautiously along from boulder to boulder, and stone to stone, always near them but always invisible, he managed to be close to them when they halted, and Captain Snell, putting the torch in the hand of Boydston, began digging about under the shelves of rock with his stick.

"I don't intend that any member of the band shall know anything of this treasure, even if I find it," the infamous Captain Snell remarked, as he pursued his investigation.

"Why?"

"Because we can then divide it evenly among ourselves. If we have only two to divide with, there will be more for each, than if there were twenty."

"Correct, Captain, you are a trump. I would not have thought of that," said Boydston.

"Fool," thought the hidden detective from behind his stone where he could unseen see

all, and unheard hear all. "If he would only stop to think a moment, he would soon discover that there is more for one, than two. And that greedy scoundrel will only use him to discover the treasure and then make way with him, so that he may not have to give up any portion of it."

The efforts of the two explorers proved futile, and after an hour spent in examining different parts of the cavern, they determined to give it up and leave the place. They went out, leaving our friends crouching among the rocks. Having no idea that Archie and Daisy were taking refuge in the cavern, and believing that Ned Todd had met his fate, they were not at all careful about searching for any one, nor did they seem to try to keep their own designs secret.

They had been gone fully an hour before our fugitives again ventured to quit the cavern of death.

"Thank heaven we are out of that horrid place," said Daisy, when they were once more in the open air. "For all the wealth of the world I could not be induced to again go through such an experience as ours has been in that horrid place."

"Well, Ned, what shall we do now?" asked the youth.

"If I knew the exact course to the boomers' camp, I could tell, but unfortunately I do not. First thing to do, is to get this young lady to some place where she will be safe. Then we will resume the search for your father."

"He is not far from this place, I know, if he lives."

"Why, have you heard from him, or seen him?"

"No, but I have seen the man who was responsible for his strange disappearance."

"Who?"

"My half brother, Ralph Spencer."

"What, do you think that that scoundrel is here?"

"I know it, I have seen him."

"Where, when?"

"In the person of Captain Snell. Captain Snell and Ralph Spencer are one and the same person."

The detective was astounded beyond measure.

"I had never dreamed that they were the same person. I supposed that if your half brother had had anything to do with the removal of your father, he had used this Captain Snell as an agent. Why, Captain Snell has been for years one of the most desperate and terrible road agents in the West."

"He has been living a double life then. For while he was with my father he was only pretending to be an honest cattle herder and the keeper of my poor father's accounts."

"I can see through it all now."

"Well, explain it."

"While he was with your father, pretending to be an honest man, he was in reality only laying his plans to murder him for his money. He waited until he had disposed of all his cattle, and had the money in his possession, and then did his fearful act, whatever it may have been. But one thing is certain, from what we have learned, he did not succeed in finding the money."

"I care little for the money if I can only find my father, or at least learn his fate."

Ned Todd was of the opinion that the boomers' camp was southwest of them, and they started in that direction.

They were walking along a wooded ravine, when they were suddenly startled by the sharp report of half a dozen rifles. The little party came to a halt, and looked at each other in a puzzled sort of a manner.

"Wait here I must see what that means," the detective whispered, and like a flash he darted up the hill side, where from the top of the ridge he could have a view of the valley upon the other side.

The valley was covered with grass, with only here and there a standing oak. In the midst of the valley were three men battling for life with half a dozen Indians. They all seemed to be armed with repeating rifles, and were drawing nearer to each other, firing as rapidly as they could. One of the three white men was down, and the other two continued to fight.

An Indian was slain, and one of their ponies shot down, but still they continued to press closer and closer, firing their guns as rapidly as they could.

A second white fell, and the remaining man turned to fly. Then the air was filled with yells, and the savages started in pursuit. A moment later, and pursuers and pursued had disappeared around the hillock.

"Oh, how I wish I had a dozen border rangers, and all well armed and mounted," said the detective to himself, as he stood looking after the Indians. "I would swoop down upon those rascals, and sweep them from the face of the earth."

In the meanwhile how fared it with Archie and Daisy, who had been left alone? They sat down upon the ground, and on gazing at the sun the youth remarked that the day was well nigh spent.

"It is," replied Daisy, "and we have not yet found the boomers. Oh, will we be compelled to pass another night alone in this terrible woods? It seems to me that I could not survive it."

Archie Holland fixed his pitying eyes upon the fair young face, and saw that the poor girl was suffering for proper food and rest. She was too weak and delicate to undergo long the hardships and toils of the forest.

"I hope we may find them before night," he answered to her, "and even if we do not we will try to make this night more pleasant than the last few have been."

The firing on the prairie beyond the ridge still continued, and Archie Holland was anxious to know what it meant.

"There is fighting over there," he said, taking a few steps in the direction from whence the firing came.

"Oh, don't go near there, don't," pleaded Daisy. "I cannot think of being left alone. Don't go from me."

"I will not," he said, with his eyes and attention still directed towards the sounds of conflict. "Why don't Ned Todd come back and tell us what it is, and who is fighting?" he asked himself.

"It must be some of the Oklahoma boomers," suggested Daisy.

"I suppose that it is, and it seems to be our duty if such is the case to go to their assistance."

"No, no, Major Todd said for us to stay here," put in Daisy. "He must know what is for the best, and we must obey him."

"I suppose you are correct, Daisy, but I am very anxious to know just what is going on over there."

Both were standing with their backs toward a thicket, Daisy being nearest it. Both were

looking in an opposite direction, and did not see the black sinister eyes that glared at them from the thicket.

A head, then two, three heads, became visible, and all ornamented with feathers and grotesquely painted. Why don't they turn about and discover their danger?

Slowly one after another of the dark, lithe figures creep from the bushes, one goes toward the girl and the other to the youth. A wild whoop and both are seized almost at the same moment. Daisy faints, but Archie Holland makes a stout battle, and it is not until a blow on his head has rendered him insensible that he ceases to struggle.

When he recovers he finds himself being borne by two great brawny savages, or men painted as savages, and at his side is walking another.

A pair of baleful-looking eyes are fixed upon him, and a cold sinister voice whispers to him:

"I am your brother."

"What are you going to do with me?"

"Wait and you shall find out. I have some old grudges to settle with you."

CHAPTER XVI.

RESCUED AGAIN.

"Where is she?"

Archie's first thought was of Daisy.

"Oh, don't worry yourself about her," said the cynical road agent, who disguised as an Indian walked at the side of his half brother.

"She will be taken care of, and well taken care of at that. I have gone to too much trouble to find her to give her up, or allow her to stray from me."

"Ralph Spencer—"

But he was not permitted to finish the sentence. The chief of the road agents sprang at him, and clapped his hand over his mouth, excluding any sound. Bending low, he whispered in the ear of the prisoner:

"Don't as you value your life, whisper that name in the presence of these men again."

Archie was dumbfounded and horrified. He glared at the scoundrel, who walked triumphantly at his side, and said:

"You can boast and exult over me now, but I assure you that you will not long. Major Todd will not be slow in releasing us."

At mention of the name of Todd, their captors all burst into a wild fit of laughter.

"Todd, ha, ha, ha! that's too good. So Todd is all of whom you have any hopes, is he? Well let me tell you that Todd is now somewhere under the earth, traveling at the rate of forty miles an hour, if the fishes have not devoured him."

The youth remembering that the road agents still supposed Todd dead, determined not to inform them to the contrary. He closed his lips and refused to talk.

He listened in vain for some sound of Daisy's voice, but heard it not. By craning his neck, however, he saw her carried between two stout Indians.

In this way they were conveyed about two miles to a cabin. It was a small affair and had evidently years ago been the home of some boomer or hunter. It now bore all the marks of desertion.

The prisoners were taken into it. Small as it was, it had two apartments, divided from each other by a board partition. The boards had evidently been split from the native tree by a former inhabitant.

Daisy was placed in one room and Archie in another.

"Now all of you go out of here, I want to talk with this man," said Captain Snell, as we shall continue to call Ralph Spencer.

"Now, Archie Holland, I want to ask you some questions, and if you answer them correctly it will all be well with you, and if you don't, it will not."

"What do you want to ask? Do you want to know if your conduct killed your mother? If so I can answer at once."

"No, I am not going to ask anything about that."

"I should not think you would."

"Hush, until I have framed my question."

"I shall not promise to answer you, if it would assist you in some of your nefarious business."

"Be quiet, will you?"

"I am certain that I do not care to hold any converse with you."

For a moment the road agent chief walked the floor of the small apartment, and then wheeling upon the youthful captive, he asked:

"Do you know what your father did with his money?"

"I do not know, nor do I know what became of my father."

"I didn't suppose you did. I am not going to ask you what I know you don't know, but I am going to ask you what you may possibly know. Your father had a large quantity of money before his mysterious disappearance. Did he send it home?"

"I do not know. I think not."

"Well, what became of it?"

"I cannot tell. What became of father?"

"Oh, he is dead. Was murdered by the Indians or cowboys."

"I have it from good authority that he is not."

"You have? On what authority, I would like to know?"

"You remember Frank Erwin, I suppose?"

"Yes," answered the chief of road agents, starting violently. "What do your know of him?"

"I know that he is dead."

Captain Snell heaved a sigh of relief.

"Well, I was not the cause of his taking off."

"No, he was wounded in a saloon fight in Abilene, and sent for me. I went to him, and he told me that my father was somewhere in Oklahoma a prisoner."

"He did?" shrieked Snell. Then after a few moments' silence he asked in a voice somewhat calmer:

"Well what more did he tell?"

"Nothing."

"What, not tell you where he was, did not describe the location?"

"All he said was, that it was a log cabin in the wilderness."

"Well, Oklahoma is full of log cabins. It might be any of them or none of them. I have had nothing to do with the mysterious disappearance of your father. The old man and I didn't get along very well, it is true; but then I never had any ill will against him. One seldom likes a stepfather, and I didn't. So I ran away from him and never saw him again."

The prisoner fixed his eyes upon the speaker as if he was trying to read him through, but Captain Snell, alias Ralph Spencer, bore the scrutiny without flinching.

"I would give my own life to set him free," sighed Archie.

"Is there no one else for him you would give your life?"

"Yes. I would give my life to set free the young lady whom you made captive with me." "Aha, I thought as much," and there was a fierce look in the face of Ralph Spencer as he gave utterance to the remark. "Now let me tell you that there is not gold enough in and out of Oklahoma to purchase her freedom. You might ask me to give up every limb on my body, but her never. I have captured her for myself."

"Ralph, you have developed into a complete villain."

"You are very complimentary, brother, but as Miss Miller is a subject upon which I do not care to talk, I will leave you for the present. Don't be feeding yourself on any such idle fancies as that you are going to get away from us, for we are to look out for that. So goodbye until I see you again," and the chief of road agents left Archie sitting on a rude bench that had become coated, doubtless, from long exposure to the weather.

He was tied, so that he could not move without giving himself great pain, and in fact his ankles and wrists were becoming greatly swollen and painful. The sun had gone down, and the shades of night began again to spread a sable mantle over the earth. At first Archie supposed that he was alone, but anon he heard the voice of a sentry at his door conversing with another sentry.

Despite all his anxiety, pain and suffering, however, he found his head nodding and his senses slipping away. He was almost asleep, when two voices talking outside, in an excited manner roused him a moment and he listened to them.

"I was a'most sartin thet I heerd some un in ther wood," said one.

"Ye war asleep, Jake," another replied. "Don't yer know that thar's no un this side o' ther river. Them boomers who kim over war every one rubbed out, and we've got this ere feller an' ther gal safe enuff. Ye war jis a-dreamin', that war all."

"Wall, mebbe I war, but if it war a dream, it war dreamed with my eyes open, thar ar' all."

"Go back, and go ter sleep ergin," and the sentry, who had been having some sport at the expense of his comrade in crime, laughed.

Again the youth was nodding, and his consciousness slipping away. This time he was awakened by a soft, gentle voice in the adjoining apartment. It seemed to be pleading, and he raised his head to listen.

"Oh, this cruel cord is cutting my arm; it pains me so that I cannot rest," the voice was saying, "will you not loosen it?"

"Can't do er thing until ther boss comes back," said her cruel guard. "He gin us no orders ter untie yer."

"But just loosen it."

"Oh, it is almost killing me. Unloosen it please."

"Swar we couldn't do it ef twar ter kill yer."

The youth heard her pleading, and the cruel denial of the guard, and was almost furious. Bound as he was, he struggled to his feet and tried to break the cords that bound him.

"Hulloa, what yer doin' in thar anyway?" called his guard. "Don't yer know that yer can't bust them deer skin thongs?"

"Release her and you may kill me," he cried. "You may bind mine doubly tight."

"Yed better keep a quiet tongue in yer head, ur ye'll git yer jaw broke, we haint er goin' ter stand any nonsense here."

"I am only asking you to have mercy on her."

"We haint er goin' ter hev any mercy on either one o' ye. I'll go in thar and kick her, ef she don't quit that ar' yellin'."

Archie's blood boiled with indignation.

"Coward, ruffian," he hissed through his clenched teeth, and made herculean efforts to break the deer skin thongs which bound him.

"See hyar yer doin' er leetle too much. Yer jist er carryin' that er thing er bit too fur," cried one of the guards, running at him.

At this moment there was heard a rush of footsteps without. There came the blinding flash, the deafening report of a pistol, and the fall of a body. The guard wheeled about, snatching a weapon from his belt.

"Hold thar, what d'ye mean?"

But he was too late. A dark form sprang in the door, and at the same instant that it appeared, there was another blinding flash.

The sharp report of a second pistol shot broke on the air followed a second later by a third. The guard went down, and the man who had just sprang into the door staggered.

So sudden and unexpected had been the attack, that Archie hardly realized what was going on until he saw Ned Todd leap in at the door, a smoking revolver in his hand.

"You are just in time, Ned, I believe that I would have died had you not come to my rescue."

"Hush, there is not a moment to lose. We will have them on us in less than ten minutes, thick as the leaves of the forest."

"Don't forget Daisy."

"I won't."

"Have you gone to her rescue yet?"

"I have not, but I will. There, you are free, get up and go."

Archie struggled to his feet, but so benumbed were his ankles that at first he could not stand. At last, however, after rubbing them for a few moments, he was able to hobble a little.

In the meanwhile Ned Todd had gone and liberated the captive maiden, and came back carrying her in his arms.

"Come on, we have not a single second to spare. They are coming."

As Archie Holland sprang from the hut he heard the sound of voices and hurried tramp of feet coming toward them.

"There they are, come on," cried Ned Todd, springing into the thicket with Daisy Miller in his arms. Archie Holland followed him as rapidly as possible in his feeble condition. Subscribe to COMFORT at once and get the next installment of this fascinating story in the next issue. If your subscription is about to expire or you are anxious to become a reader of COMFORT now is the best time as these interesting serial detective stories will be a distinct feature in addition to all the many interesting departments, and you will not want to miss a single copy. But all subscriptions must be paid in advance, so we call your attention to the opportunity of obtaining a renewal at the present 25c. rate by paying 10c. in advance for a six months' subscription. We shall add other features to COMFORT, continue serials after the ending of the "Ned Todd" story, and give you the biggest and best home monthly that is published. Fill out and send 10c. coupon now (see coupon on another page), so you will not miss a single chapter. All expiring subscriptions are now being promptly removed, so unless you renew or subscribe at once the August copy will not reach you.

Miss Betsey's Well.

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the room there came a long-drawn-out and dismal howl.

"I really believe they'll scare that cat into fits," the woman said.

"Poor thing!" she added, a moment later, as the rattle of half a dozen bunches of fire crackers set off at one time came in from the street. "To think that a set of tykes like them can't find any better way of celebrating the Fourth of July than to make night hideous."

"I daren't go to bed," she went on, a little later, as the red light of a bonfire began to shine through the closed blinds of the window, "even if I could go to sleep—which I couldn't for fear they'll set the house on fire. And I just can't shut all these windows down, for it's so hot I'll suffocate if I do."

She pushed open the blind slats a little and looked out between them. At the far end of the village square the boys had built a bonfire of tar barrels. The front of the buildings near Miss Betsey's house stood out from the darkness and the plate glass windows in a business block next door reflected the red glare of the firelight.

While the woman was still peering through the blinds, a man came hastily out of one of the buildings carrying a satchel in one hand, while he stood for an instant in front of the door, as if debating in his mind which way to go. The uproar at the opposite end of the village swelled to a louder chorus, and new fuel flung on to the fire made the red light brighter still.

At the sight of this the man turned abruptly from where he stood, and coming quickly to the edge of the sidewalk, dropped the bag which he held over the fence into Miss Betsey's garden, and then hastened back to the building.

"Well, now! Did you ever?" said the owner of the garden, as she drew back from the window. "That was that good-for-nothing fellow in the drug store, I believe. I suppose that bag is full of his nasty torpedoes and fire crackers, and such things, and that he's gone back to get some more. If it wasn't for breaking every pane of glass in this house, I could wish the whole lot had gone off when he dropped the bag over the fence. I wish somebody'd see the bag and steal it," she went on. "It would serve him just right."

To the roar of cannon and crackers and voices there was now added the clang of the violently rung bell in the steeple of one of the churches.

The cat under the bed yawned again.

"I'll steal it myself," said Miss Betsey, rising from the rocking chair with tightly shut lips.

The woman let herself out of the house by a side door. One corner of the garden was in the shadow of the two-story brick block which adjoined it, and she was easily hidden by the trees beneath which she walked. Seizing the bag she carried it away from the street; it was heavier than she had expected. When she had reached a place where she thought no one could see her, Miss Betsey opened the bag and looked in. In the dim light which reached her there she could see that the satchel was filled to the clasp with paper covered rolls.

"I thought so," she said. "Fire crackers! what they call giant ones, I suppose! I'll giant 'em!"

Snapping the bag together she took it from the ground again, and walking unhesitatingly to an old well at the far end of the garden, dropped it into the well. She listened for the "splash," far down below the time-worn curb. When she heard it she straightened up again.

"I'll see if he'll fire them off under my nose, now," she said, and went back to the house. Stepping quickly and silently upon the porch at the side door, she ran plump into a young man and woman standing there.

"Why, Aunt Betsey!" said the girl, as the three started back from each other. "What in the world are you doing out at this time of night?"

The older woman bent forward in the darkness, as if to make sure who the others were.

"None of your business," she said, as she drew back from them to go into the house.

"Why ain't you abed?"

Miss Betsey Prillerman was the representative in Brinsmeadow of what was spoken of as "one of the old families of the town." For years Brinsmeadow had been a quiet, well-to-do country village. Then a water power had been developed there, and in ten years the quiet village had changed to a prosperous, busy town, whose business blocks replaced and crowded the staid residences which had preceded them. Miss Betsey had money enough to do as she chose, and she chose to retain and live in the house which had been her girlhood home, in spite of the fact that the lot on which it stood was coveted by half a dozen business firms, and that the house itself was elbowed on one side by a drug store and bank, and on the other by the county court house.

For family she had, besides a servant and cat, only a niece. This young woman, Gertrude Ford, was such a pretty and attractive girl that it was no wonder to those who knew her that the druggist next door should have fallen in love with her. Miss Betsey, however, for some inscrutable reason, had taken a violent dislike to the young merchant, and had forbidden her niece to have him come near the house. As a matter of course the two young people met all the more often somewhere else, and it was they whom Miss Betsey had encountered at the side door amid the disturbance of a Fourth of July celebration.

The eve, and the day, and the night of the day had passed at last. There was still a smell of powder and tar smoke in the air and the snapping of some small children's torpedoes and penny crackers, but the Fourth was over, and those who had helped to create its uproar

ERCY!" exclaimed Miss Betsey, with a shudder, as the report of a cannon made the window sash rattle above her head.

The rumble and roar of the report had hardly died away in the darkness of the night when another report followed, louder even than the first.

Miss Betsey jumped again in her rocking chair by the window. From underneath a bed in one corner of

CONSUMPTION COMBATANTS

That Intercept and Route the Actual Malady.

FREE POTENT PREVENTIVES AND CURATIVES OF BRONCHIAL, LUNG AND OTHER TISSUE-WASTING MALADIES.

The universal free distribution during the past decade, by Dr. T. A. Slocum, the great New York physician and bacteriologist, of his famous four remedies has demonstrated the possibility of preventing the invasion of and mastering consumption and other diseases of wasting tendencies.

While other physicians have been theorizing, Dr. Slocum has made practical application of his scientific knowledge by sending free to threatened and actual subjects of consumption, catarrh, bronchitis, etc., the perfect products of his immense pharmaceutical laboratories—evolved by him with the definite purpose of arresting the widespread ravages of the greatest foe of the human race—tuberculosis. Thousands of tuberculous and tuberculosis-threatened people have written to the Doctor and obtained his four free disease-combatants, the use of which to-day accounts for their escape and freedom from grave pulmonary and other ills that otherwise would have deprived them of their lives.

The great free trial offer of all four famous disease-combatant preparations, by Dr. Slocum, is now open to all who find themselves in the grasp of tuberculosis, and to all in whose cases attack from consumption or other wasting malady seems to be impending.

Address all communications to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 98 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,

and mention COMFORT when writing the Doctor.

slept, ate or repaired damages. Some few burns there were to be done up, and one boy had had a part of one finger blown off, but in the main the young people united to declare that it had been a glorious celebration.

Then came the sensation.

When business would have been resumed on the morning of the fifth, it was discovered that sometime during one of the two nights, or during the holiday itself the bank had been burglarized and all the valuable contents of the safe taken, papers, bills, and gold and silver coin put up in rolls.

Miss Betsey passed a most uncomfortable day. Not only was she a heavy holder of the stock of the bank, but at the time of the robbery she had had some thousands of dollars on deposit there.

"That druggist is the thief," she kept saying to herself, "but I'm just as much of a thief as he is. And I'd die of mortification to have folks know I flung my own money into the well."

Toward nightfall that day Gertrude saw her aunt looking down into the old well in the garden. The older woman's discomfort could not but be noticeable all through the day.

"Are you sick, today, Aunt Betsey?" the girl asked with honest sympathy, for in spite of her aunt's peculiarities, Gertrude recognized the real goodness of heart which was underneath them.

"No, I ain't," Miss Betsey replied fretfully, turning away from the well, and then going on to say, as if in a sudden fit of desperation, "but I'm clean tired out and worried to death with the racket of the last forty-eight hours, and with finding you out at midnight tramping 'round with a thief and a robber."

"Aunt Betsey! Stop!" The girl's eyes blazed and her mouth shut together as firmly as ever her relative's could have done.

"I was not 'tramping around,' as you call it. I had just come from Mrs. Eldred's, where we were been watching the fireworks. And Mr. Raymond is not what you called him; and I will not hear you say it."

"He is," said Miss Betsey doggedly. "I saw him with my own eyes bring a bag out of the bank. He dropped it over the fence by the sidewalk there. I thought it was more fireworks nonsense, and I was so wrought up by all the noise and by Thomas Jefferson taking on so about it, that I took the bag and dropped it into the well here. That was where I'd been when you asked me what I'd been doing. That bag had the bank's money in it."

Miss Betsey sat down on a garden bench as she finished, too worn out to stand any longer.

"Why, Aunt Betsey!" the girl exclaimed. "You are mistaken. Mr. Raymond was not out of my sight all the evening. He was at Mrs. Eldred's all the time."

"Well, some one did it anyway," her aunt said, "and the money's down there, and Grandfather Prillerman used to say that that well was seventy-five feet deep."

After the disturbance and excitement of the two preceding days and nights the people of Brinsmeadow went to bed early that night. If they had not, some of them might have seen in the dusk of the evening a group of two persons—a woman and a man—gathered around the old well in Betsey Prillerman's garden.

The man was industriously fishing in the well with a big pair of grapples heavily weighted at the end of a long, stout line.

Those who procure these four free remedies are prepared to forestall the deadly bacillus, to combat it successfully after its actual invasion of the body, to nourish their systems when food digestion becomes impaired, to remedy cough and lighten respiration, to secure the best possible tonic effects, to obtain cure of local catarrhal conditions, and to elude or escape from consumption and other life-destroying maladies.

As a prohibitive and curative armament for the fortification of the body and its relief from insidious, tissue-consuming ills, the above free combination is positively unmatched.

The Emulsion, Psychine Tonic, Coltsfoote Expectorant and Ozojell Catarrh Remedy are alone in their respective classes and are potent examples of the pharmaceutical art.

Those who need but one or two of the remedies are at liberty to write for the complete combination, and to give to friends, menaced or afflicted, those of the preparations not needed in their own cases.

Write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, plainly giving post office and express address, and the four free remedies will at once be sent to you with full directions for use in any case.

After many futile attempts, he finally failed to the surface of the earth a dripping water-soaked satchel.

The next morning the town had another sensation. The bank's missing property was found returned as mysteriously as it had been taken, but wet and sodden in a leather valise. The specie was all right, of course. The bills required the help of the Treasury Department to redeem. The papers were spoiled, but the most of them could be repaired.

In the confusion of talk and speculation which followed, folks never noticed—what otherwise would have been a nine-days' wonder—that Betsey Prillerman had suddenly become reconciled to the attentions of druggist Raymond to her niece.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 32.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 331 E Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

MADE \$105 THE FIRST MONTH writes FRED BLODGETT, of N.Y. J. L. BARRICK, of La. writes: "Am making \$3.00 to \$5.00 every day I work." MRS. L. M. ANDERSON, of Iowa writes: "I made \$3.00 to \$5.00 a day." Hundreds doing likewise. You can now make \$5.00 to \$10.00 daily made plating jewelry, tableware, bicycles, metal goods with gold, silver, nickel, etc. Enormous demand. We teach you FREE! Write—offer free.

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PNEUMATIC RAPID-FIRE RIFLE.

FREE FOR A CLUB OF FOUR.

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using shot that can be obtained anywhere at a trifling expense, also shoots darts making it desirable for outdoor target practice or parlor amusement or it can be used in any part of the house with perfect safety, making a practical and entertaining form of evening amusement for the boys and girls as well as older folks.

There is no smoke, odor or dust from this gun, it is endorsed by army officers as the best mechanical rifle ever produced and the possession of one of our accurate shooting air rifles makes a boy manly and affords him an excellent means of successfully competing with his chums for marksmen's honors as well as teaching him the use of a rifle. Remember this is a combination gun, so your boy should have one be he old or young. If he is sick in the house he can shoot darts and keep out of mischief or go into the woods for game and get robust and healthy besides.

SPECIAL. Send at once for sample copies of our big monthly and subscription blanks and canvases among the neighbors. For a club of four yearly subscribers at the popular price of 25c. each, \$1.00 in all, we will send one of these King Pneumatic Rifles as a present, all charges paid, guaranteeing absolute satisfaction. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Remember the above is a real gun nearly three feet long. It looks like a gun and shoots like a gun.



COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER

For the enlightenment and benefit of its subscribers, COMFORT has inaugurated this department under the title of COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER, wherein will be carefully and correctly solved any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Law suits can frequently be avoided by timely and judicious advice concerning matters in dispute; this, however, can only be done by one who is fully conversant with his or her legal rights and privileges. This department will also prove of great value and interest from an educational standpoint, as in it will be answered any proper legal question that may be propounded.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce.

Any yearly subscriber to COMFORT fully paid in advance is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty-five (25) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORTS AT HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

M. T. B. Your letter presents some technical questions of law which need to be carefully investigated. You will find it fully answered in the August number of COMFORT.

M. E. If you will read the introduction to the "Comfort At Home Lawyer Column" you will find that it is not our policy to give advice with reference to divorce matters. It is the purpose of COMFORT to build up rather than to destroy the home, and we therefore must reluctantly refuse to give you any information pertaining to methods of obtaining a divorce.

C. E. B.—The Bankrupt Law provides that any person can be discharged from the indebtedness which such person contracted, in a business way, no matter how long since contracted. The fact that the original creditor is dead and that the debt is now due to his heirs would not debar the debtor from taking advantage of the Bankrupt Act. In what you call, "The Story of the Case," you give the debtor's assets as fifty dollars and his liabilities as twenty-eight thousand dollars. Under these circumstances it would seem as though you were wasting time to endeavor to collect the money.

J. W.—In order to bring suit to recover damages for the killing of a brother at Seaside, Maine, it is necessary for you to have an administrator appointed over your deceased brother's estate for the purpose of bringing this suit. Such administrator will have to be appointed by the court which jurisdiction over such matters at the place where your brother, in his lifetime, lived. If he lived in Brooklyn you should go to the Supreme Court there, and take such action as is herein advised and the administrator can then begin action to recover damages against the Co. which may be responsible for the accident which caused his death.

S. K. S.—What the father might do to punish the son if he called on his mother contrary to the father's wishes is a question which the editor of this column can hardly answer. There is really only one thing to do in a case of this kind and that is the following: Under the law a minor child who has arrived at the age of fourteen has a right to choose his own guardian. In this case you put, the boy can choose either his father or his mother or any other person whom he cares to thus honor. To do this, he must petition the court having jurisdiction of such matters, to have the guardian appointed; he will then be permitted to visit whomsoever he pleases, provided such visits are made with the approbation of his guardian.

S.—If you have suffered any loss or damage by reason of the failure of the other party to adhere to the terms of the contract, a copy of which you submit, you can enter suit in the courts of your county and recover such damages as you can prove that you sustained by reason of the other party's failure to live up to the contract. As a rule it is a difficult matter to recover damages by reason of a breach of contract to ship goods. Inasmuch as the question of loss of profit thereon is purely speculative, it does not follow but what you might have made a loss on the goods, had shipment been made. In the event, however, that you can prove actual damage, you have clearly a cause of action, and can recover all the loss which you sustained because of the failure of the other party to adhere to his contract.

E. L. S. It is not necessary as a matter of law, that the author of any poem, song, or musical composition should have his production copyrighted. The chances are that any one who would buy the manuscript of an original production of this kind would have it copyrighted, as in case such action were not taken the same could be copied or reproduced by any one who would care to do so. The cost of an ordinary copyright is fifty cents and the time which it takes to get it is simply the length of time that it takes for the mail to reach from the place of mailing the application to Washington. If you will write to the Hon. Thorvald Solberg, Register of Copyrights, Washington, D. C., he will, on request, send you full instructions, telling you how to proceed to obtain a copyright.

Mrs. E. A. P. The method of opening an account in a National Bank is as follows: You must go to the bank with some person who is known there and who will introduce you to one of the officers thereof. Thereupon you will be asked to sign a book or card for the purpose of leaving your signature. You will then make out a little ticket known as a "deposit slip," whereon you will write the amount of money you wish to deposit. This deposit slip, together with the amount of money for deposit, is taken to the receiving teller of the bank who will give you a book upon which your name will be plainly written and the deposit you make, as well as all subsequent deposits, will be recorded in this book. You will also receive a check book for your use in drawing such funds as from time to time you may wish to withdraw. The officer of the bank will instruct you how to make out the checks.

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BIG PRICE PAID for complete files or single numbers. Write and tell just what you have of the following papers: Earliest numbers most desired. The New York Weekly, Fireside Companion, New York Ledger, New York Mercury, Family Story Paper, Saturday Journal, Saturday Night, Flag of our Union, Waverly Magazine, Boston Pilot, Yankee Blade, Saturday Evening Post, Gleason's Literary Companion, New York Illustrated Times, Beadle & Adams' Fireside and Waverly Libraries, True Flag, American Union, Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine, Frank Leslie's Boys' and Girls' Weekly, Boys of America, Young American, Boy's Own, Boys of the World, Golden Days, Frank Leslie's Chimney Corner, Pleasant Hours, Girls and Boys of America, Boys of New York, New York Boys, Our Boys, Popular Monthly, Cricket on the Hearth, etc., and any other weekly or monthly story papers. Brady's Mercury Novels. Address E. Braddon, 313 S. Hicks St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Some Negro Superstitions.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

of the story of the sick man who asked his doctor, "What do you think of my trying a change to a warmer climate, doctor?"

"Good heavens, man," exclaimed the physician. "That is just what I am trying to save you from."

While peacock feathers are kept in a house, sickness will never be out of it.

If a person mends a garment while wearing it, an enemy will be made for every stitch taken.

A ring around the moon indicates bad weather, and the bad weather will last for as many days as there are stars inside the ring.

For every fog you get in March, you will have a frost in May.

If the thread knots in sewing, the one doing the work will live to see the garment worn out.

If you dream of a person who had died within the last six months, it is a sign of rain.

Awards of Prizes in Comfort State Puzzle Number Two.

The following is a complete list of the names of states represented in May number of "Comfort":

Kansas, Illinois, Iowa, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland. And the following subscribers were the successful contestants in the minds of the judges.

S. Maude Richard, Willimantic, Conn., \$5.00.
Nellie Hill Moat, Clackville, N. Y., \$3.00.
John M. Beattie, 226 E. 63d St., Chicago, Ill., \$2.00.
Mrs. M. E. Horton, 337 W. High St., Piqua, Ohio, \$2.00.

Addie O. Kellogg, Shoreham, Vt., \$2.00.
Stella Pomeroy, Epworth, Ill., \$2.00.
Mrs. Edw. Dobbs, Woodbury, N. J., \$2.00.
Harry E. Strout, Mulberry Grove, Ill., \$2.00.
W. C. Allinson, 545 C. St., Fresno, Calif., \$1.00.
Marvin Goforth, Mt. Grove, Missouri, \$1.00.
Mrs. Rosa Neale, Cecil, W. Va., \$1.00.
Roy M. Clark, Amarilla, Texas, \$1.00.
Mrs. Geo. G. Ross, Greenfield, Mass., \$1.00.

EVERY LADY READ THIS.

I will send free a positive cure for all female diseases, irregularities, etc. A simple home treatment, a common sense remedy that never fails. FREE with valuable advice. MRS. L. D. HUDNUT, South Bend, Ind.

LEARN SIGN PAINTING in 3 months and make \$10 a day. Teachers and full particulars. FRANK UNION SIGN CO., WATERTOWN, N. Y.

TELLS FUTURE in love, business and marriage, with Photo of future husband or wife. Send 10¢ birth date, to Prof. Moore, Box 250, Boston, Mass.

\$8 Paid Per 100 for Distributing Samples of Washington fluid. Send 5¢ stamp. A. W. SCOTT, Colorado, N. Y.

WRITERS WANTED to do copying at home. ART INSTITUTE, Lima, Ohio.

CHICAGO HOUSEHOLD GUEST 50 cents a year. Sample copy free on application.

Rods For locating gold and silver. Positively guaranteed. From \$5 up. Catalogue and testimonials free. A. L. BRYANT, Box 10, Dallas, Tex.

LUCKY SEALS AND TALISMANS. Wear one or more on their person. Write for full particulars. SEAL & BOOK CO., 514 N. PALMYRA, PENNA.

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Can you arrange these five different groups of letters into the names of five (5) former presidents of the United States? If so you can share in the distribution of the above. We will give away \$1200.00 in cash and four Genuine Grand Upright Pianos among those who enter this contest, and will work for our interest. READ CAREFULLY. READERS WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY when you answer this contest. In making the five names the letters can only be used in their own groups and as many times as they appear in each individual group, and no letter can be used which does not appear in its own group. After you have arranged the five groups and formed the five correct names, write them out plainly and send to us and you will receive our reply by return mail. TRY AND WIN. If you make the five correct names and send them to us at once, who knows but you may get a big cash prize and possibly a piano. We hope you will, and show it costs you nothing to try. WOOD PUBLISHING CO., Dept. 21 394 Atlantic Ave., Box 3124, Boston, Mass.

\$1,000.00 IN GOLD FREE!



THE PARROT HAS ESCAPED FROM THE CAGE—TRY TO FIND HIM

Boys and girls over twelve years of age who will cut out this picture and mark plainly with pencil or pen the missing bird (if they can find it) MAY SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF \$1,000.00 WHICH WE ARE GIVING AWAY IN FIVE MONTHLY PREMIUMS for doing a little work for us. This is a contest of both brains and energy count. We are determined to make the name of our charming monthly magazine a household word, and we take this novel plan of advertising. This and other most liberal offers are made to introduce one of the most entertaining New York magazines into every home of the United States and Canada. WE DO NOT WANT ONE CENT OF YOUR MONEY. There is only one condition, which should take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you as soon as your answer is received. After you have found the missing parrot, send it to us at once. It may take an entire evening, but it will pay you to STICK TO IT AND TRY TO GET YOUR SHARE OF THE \$1,000.00. A sample copy of our MAGAZINE WILL BE SENT FREE to everyone answering this advertisement. Try to solve this puzzle. Do not delay. Send your answer immediately. We positively guarantee that this Missing Parrot can be found. Of course, like all problems, it will require some thought, patience and time. But the reward is well worth striving for, especially when we do not ask you to send us any money with your answer. The golden prizes of life are being gained by brains and energy nowadays. Lazy people and the drones and idlers are always complaining of bad luck. Now here is a GOLDEN CHANCE for anyone who will strive hard, and the pleasing part of it is that it does not cost you one cent outside of the letter you send us. Our magazine will please you. It delights us to please our readers. We are continually giving away large sums of money in different contests, as we find it is the very best kind of advertising. Try and Win. If you find the parrot and send the slip with it marked thereon to us at once, who knows but what you will get the gold? Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a puzzle like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write you and you will hear from us by return mail. We hope you will try for it, as we shall give the \$1,000.00 away anyway. Do not delay. Write at once. Address THE ROBINSON PUB. CO., 22 NORTH WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK CITY.



A Gold Lined Silver Dish FREE!

To introduce our famous little Giant Oxien Pills, giving all the chance to derive the wonderful benefits from these new life-giving wonders, we send two boxes absolutely free, all charges paid. You sell the Pills for 25¢ per box, send us the money within 20 days, 50¢ in all, and we give you as a premium this wonderful Gold Lined Silver Dish free. These dishes are warranted quadruple plated silver; they are fluted top and beautiful and useful ornaments; they are suitable for dining table use, or used as side dish for bon bons they are elegant and will last for years. Send your name and address at once so your friends can derive the great benefits coming from the use of Oxien Pills and you get the profits as the dish can be sold in a minute for 75¢. These Pills are noted for their quick action on Liver, Stomach, Heart, Bowels, and special organs of either sex. All ills vanish as if by magic if you use these Pills. Send quick so as to be sure of a dish before they all go, and get full particulars of our great money-making agency proposition, where you get hundreds of dollars from a one dollar investment. Address,

THE GIANT OXIE PILL DEPT. M, Augusta, Maine.

The Family Doctor.

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family, that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

P. C. C., Cedarville, Ohio.—We cannot give you a permanent cure for catarrh of the head, throat, stomach and kidneys. Some patent medicines claim to be, and in some instances, we believe, they are, but the disease has not got a firm hold. You might try some one of those advertising, and find that it practically cured you. Just as you might buy a lottery ticket and win the prize. If you have not been affected for a very long time you may be cured by a regular physician, but if it has become chronic the most you can do is to get such treatment as will alleviate the trouble. Many persons, in fact most, manage to survive to a very good old age, though suffering with catarrh for years and then die from some other complaint, so you need not be alarmed. Consult your physician and take his advice, or that of some other, if your own has been tried and found lacking.

S. E. B., Mobile, Ala.—What you need for your pores and your muddy complexion is not medicine so much as dieting and exercise in the open air, with a daily cold bath and thorough rubbing with a rough towel, and a good hot soap and water bath at least once a week. The action of the water and the rubbing on the skin increases the circulation of the blood, and the dieting and the exercise purify the blood and put life into it. Riding on horseback is the best outdoor exercise, but brisk walking with the head up and the breast out is fine. Rowing is also excellent, even better than walking and more comfortable in the Mobile climate, especially at this season. In the matter of diet, eat fruit, cereals, vegetables, lean meat, beef, or mutton, no pork, no butter, and all grease as possible.

Worried, Allegheny, Pa.—Dizziness and the hot flashes you complain of may be the result of any one of a dozen causes. Indigestion often affects a patient in that way and indigestion, by the way, is the cause of more ills than any other human weakness. Your heart is evidently affected, which may be from indigestion, one of its most ordinary effects. If you have never been treated for indigestion, possibly such treatment would relieve you. In any event the case is too serious for you to attempt to cure yourself, however good the advice may be that is given you, and your wisest plan is to put yourself in the hands of a competent physician believing that if he, or some other, cannot help you nobody can. Do not delay, but see the physician at once.

H. K. Y., Ashland, Ky.—Ringworm may be cured by the application of the following lotion: Sulphate of zinc, two scruples; sugar of lead, fifteen grains; distilled water, six ounces. Wash the part affected two or three times a day with the lotion. Take plenty of fresh air, keep clean and keep the bowels open. An old-fashioned remedy in mild cases is to rub the part with paper oil made by rolling newspaper slips into tapers, sticking one end in a small vial and lighting the other. A number of these burnt will give several drops of oil.

Mrs. G. Washington, D. C.—We would advise you not to go to the seashore for your month's vacation. You are already at sea level and while you may not have the direct breezes and sea influence, you do have the air to breathe that is to be found at sea level. Go to the mountains, either of Virginia or Maryland, and breathe a different kind of air for a month. It is lighter and drier and will make your heart beat faster and your blood circulate better. The reverse course would be ordered for those who live far above sea level. There is great benefit to be had from a month's outing if one knows how to take it.

Old Man, Roncevalles, W. Va.—For sprains of the muscles of the back make a mixture of half ounce of Canada turpentine, soap liniment six ounces and one drachm of laudanum. Rub well in before a hot fire, and give yourself a rest. You cannot expect your back to get well and strong if you do not give it a chance.

Ball Player, Anderson, Ind.—Wormwood boiled in vinegar and applied hot, with enough cloths wrapped around the ankle to keep the part moist, will be found a most excellent remedy for a sprain. Don't put your weight on it until it can be done without pain, and be very careful how you walk. A sprain is sometimes more serious than a fracture.

S. K. D., Sheridan, Wis.—A simple remedy that has cured many of the barber's itch is to moisten the part affected with saliva (spittle) and rub it over thoroughly three times a day with the ashes of a good Havana cigar. This simple remedy has been very highly recommended.

Mrs. D. McD., Pittsfield, Pa.—An excellent remedy to have in the house for burns and scalds is a preparation of flaxseed oil, chalk and vinegar mixed to the consistency of thick paint. Keep it in a closed jar. It will be ready for use when needed and may be applied as the case requires.

Hiram J. Wausa, Nev.—If your rheumatism is no more serious than you say, you may find relief from it, since you do not wish to go to any expense, by bathing the part affected with water in which potatoes have been boiled, as hot as can be borne, just before going to bed. Some quite obstinate cases have been practically cured, that is relieved so they were no longer troublesome, by this remedy and you may find it to be just what you want.

Painter, Auburn, N. H.—Do not wash your hands in turpentine to get the paint off, as, if the practice is persisted in, it may lead to serious results even to paralysis of the wrist joints. It also has a tendency to enlarge the finger joints, renders the hands more sensitive to cold and lays the foundation of rheumatism.

Miss G. H. O. R. Modesto, Ills.—Yes, blood root syrup is good for colds and bronchial troubles with difficult breathing. It may be made as follows: Two and a half ounces of blood root, three-fourths of an ounce of lobelia, one and a half ounces of white sugar, and a pint and a half of water. Gently simmer half an hour till it thickens and when cool add a teaspoonful of paregoric elixir. Take a tablespoonful when needed. Give a child a teaspoonful or less. Any druggist will compound the mixture for you.

Mother, Highland, Kans.—Do not worry about the little girl with the mumps which you think may result seriously. Nurse her carefully, keep flannel around her neck, give her a mild diet of the simplest food, and administer gentle laxatives at intervals. She will be sure to come around all right and have many more serious afflictions than even a persistent case of mumps.

Miss Choir, Afton, N. J.—To remove the hoarseness that troubles you put into an ounce of alcohol twenty drops of saturated solution of iodine, and put five drops of the mixture on a lump of sugar, and let it dissolve in the mouth every two hours, until relieved.

G. G. H. Westlake, Minn.—It is not unusual for quinine to affect some people as you complain of its doing. Try antikamnia.

King, Chase, Md.—Consult a physician. You should have done so three months ago. You are in no danger, but will be if you let it continue.

Mrs. John V. Bridgeton, Ind.—Some patent medicines are excellent remedies despite what some physicians may say to the contrary.

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TALKS WITH GIRLS.

CONDUCTED BY
COUSIN MARION.

In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

A July greeting to you all, dear cousins, which, of course, is a warm one, but greetings are not like the weather, and I am sure you do not care how warmly I greet you. Do you? It is not nice to write in hot weather, but we are not always our own choosers, so let us get at it cheerfully.

The first one in the list is from Cousin Beatrice Bergstresser, Bolivar, Mo., who wants to accommodate those cousins who are musically inclined but who can't get words for the music they write. I know how hard it is to do this kind of work and if Cousin Beatrice is willing to help by doing so, she certainly should be encouraged.

Mary McCormick, Ill.—To the men who talk affectionately and want to flatter you, the very best way to do is to answer them in the same way—that is, don't mean half you say. As soon as the men see you have good common sense they will treat you accordingly. (2) Do not love the young man until he tells you he loves you. Let him make all the advances and don't show him your feelings until he has shown his.

Sweetheart, Manhattan, Kans.—The young man should have only one sweetheart. (2) Cousins should not "keep company." (3) A girl may have as many men paying her attention as she can, but she must not flirt with them or deceive them as to her feelings. (4) If the man has no other vices save being "ungodly" he might be reformed by marrying a good, Christian woman. Some men, who are not professing Christians, make excellent husbands.

You & I, Arbuckle, Cal.—If your prejudices against the Catholic church are very strong you had better not marry a Catholic. (2) Say "yes" to the man who proposes to you, if you want him; and "no" if you do not. The manner of saying it, I leave to you. (3) Yes.

Foster, Evening Shade, Ark.—If your parents object to your corresponding with a young man, do not do it. (2) A wedding dress for a bride of seventeen does not differ from those of brides of more suitable age. (3) Wait until he tells her he loves her.

Black Eyes, Agra, Kans.—Ask the man for his arm if you want to take it.

Donna, Fidelity, Ohio.—The young man should not play escort to one young lady when he is devoting himself to another. (2) There is no rule for calls for young men. Often after once a week usually means that he is serious in his attentions. (3) No. (4) Pretty names for a girl baby are: Ruth, Charlotte, Judith, Bruce, Edith, Elsa, Viola, Fairfax, Page, Beatrice.

Worried, Charleston, S. C.—Before trying to become a correspondent get something to do for one of the Charleston papers. Write something and submit it to the editor. Penmanship has nothing to do with becoming a correspondent, as most writing is done these days on the typewriter.

M. E. G., Biggs, Ill.—Address a letter to Cousin Marion asking any question you may want answered, but don't ask too many, and make them brief.

Belle, Goldfield, Iowa.—For the present it would mean that you must do the work before you, and wait for the chance to teach music. But keep up your practice, to be ready for the opportunity which will surely come if you do not get discouraged.

Blue Eyes, Kilkenny, Minn.—Twenty is much better age than seventeen for an engagement. (2) No, no, no. (3) If the man neglects you that way when he has escorted you to a dance, simply tell him you do not like it and that you will not give him the opportunity to treat you so again—and don't. (4) He may call as often as you wish, and 10:30 is a good leaving time. (5) Yes. (6) Usually when a brother or other near relative is your escort to a dance you are allowed to "go with" more "others" than if your escort was not a kinsman. (7) Let him go.

Wild Cherry, Florence, Pa.—Tell the man that your parents object to your seeing him and that you think they are quite right. If he is a decent man he will commend your action.

Bright Eyes, Hay Creek, Ore.—Fourteen year old girls should wait till they are twenty before they ask the questions you do, my dear, and then they would not ask them. Wait and see for yourself, if I am not right.

Daisy, Clover, Utah.—By all means refuse to go with the man who has been drinking. Surely you can better look out for yourself than for such a man to try to do it. All your other questions have been answered in this column.

Pinkie, Millville, N. J.—Go to school for two or three years longer, and you will be better able to judge which of the two kinds of work will suit you. (2) You did quite right to accept the escort if you were afraid to go alone. (3) You write a very good, plain hand.

Snowdrop, Wilmington, Del.—Eleven o'clock is too late to ask an escort in, unless the members of the family are in the party. (2) It is better not to loan your ring to the young man. (3) There is no harm in such a correspondence as you mention.

Sweet Flower, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—I can not tell you how to get him back and I would not if I could. You did right in sending him away and why should you want to shame yourself by trying to get him back? (2) If you do not love the man your mother likes do not marry him. There is plenty of time; wait three or four years and see what changes will come.

Harry, Ottawa, Kan.—If you are so large, you could wear your dresses longer than a small girl of fifteen. (2) I suppose there is no harm in letting one of your schoolmates walk home with you, but not a young man who is out of school. That kind of attention is for girls who are done with school.

Union, New Dover, Ohio.—It is your place to speak about it, and you should do so at once.

K. I. B., Donnell, Iowa.—The only cure for bashfulness is constant association with people. In time you will be easy and if you will read and improve your mind you will attract people to you. (2) October 20th, 1886, came on Tuesday. (3) There is none that I know of. (4) I cannot give you the address of any of the cousins, so that you may write to them.

Ida, Lutsen, Minn.—August, 28th, 1879, fell on Thursday, and April 28th, 1888, on Wednesday.

There, my dears, all of you have had your ques-

tions answered and I hope you will get much good out of the advice I give, for you must know I want to have only the best influence, always. By, by, till we meet again.

COUSIN MARION.

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THE HOME FINDER.

[So many inquiries are made by "Comfort" readers concerning real estate (country and city), farms and locations for homes that this column has become a necessity and here we shall be glad to answer all questions.]

Paid-up subscribers who desire to make a change in their present situation or are in any way uncomfortable in their abode and want information about any particular location in any State in the Union can address "The Comfort Home Finder," Augusta, Maine, and we will try and serve them.

Miss L. P., Colchester, Ills.—Oregon is one of the finest states in the Union in many respects, and it has wide diversities of soil and climate. West of the Cascade Range of mountains, the climate is very damp. The rainfall is not greater than in Illinois, for the year, but it requires more days to get it. For that reason the state along the coast is not good for asthmatic people. It very rarely freezes in that section and is never hot in summer. It is not good for raising crops except in a small way. East of the mountains, however, the climate is entirely different, extremes of heat and cold being common, but not more so than in your own state, though possibly some colder in winter. Here grow tremendous crops of wheat, and the apples are the finest, many of them being as large as a coconut. We have seen Oregon apples five inches in diameter, and of fine flavor, notwithstanding their size. Pears and plums also grow to enormous size, and grapes are equally as fine. All the vegetables thrive wonderfully, and enormous crops of prunes are raised. Irrigation is necessary in some sections for the other crops than grain. The health records of the state show it to be one of the healthiest. There are thirty millions of acres of tillable land in Oregon, not more than a tenth of which is under cultivation. Portland is one of the richest cities, per capita, in the world, and it is growing rapidly. The Oregonian is the leading paper. A request to the Oregon Railroad and Navigation Co., Portland, will bring you its book by Col. P. Donan, on Oregon, Washington and Idaho, which will give you all the details you need before a personal inspection.

Mrs. A. L. S., Elsie, Mich.—We could not recommend the Hawaiian Islands for the raising of chickens and squabs. You must have a larger market than can be found there. They could be raised, of course, for the climate and the food supply would be found all that you wished, but there is not much money in raising crops for which there is no good market. The Hawaiian Times, Sandwich Islands, U. S. A., is the leading paper, we believe, and a letter addressed to its editor would not doubt be gladly answered and a copy of the paper sent to you. The postage of letters to Honolulu is the same as in the United States.

R. D., Niangua, Mo.—You might do well by moving to Arkansas and you might not. There is no doubt about its being a great state agriculturally, and in some lines it is second to none, but if you are not able to make money in Missouri, you would be better off in Arkansas unless you happened to hit upon something special. If you have enough money to give yourself a start in Arkansas you might do better than where you are. You do not say in what business you are or whether you want to live in town or in the country, so we cannot advise you definitely. If you will be a little more definite in your questions we can tell better what to reply. The Public School system is quite as good as that of Missouri, we imagine, and back from the lowlands along the rivers, the health is as good as it is in your own state. Parts of Arkansas are malarial, but the newcomer can easily keep away from these sections.

E. S., Muskingum, Ohio.—A circular of Virginia lands will be sent to you with prices of farms. Or you may write to H. W. Weiss, Manager of Immigration, Emporia, Va.



THE LUNATION of the new moon occurs this month at about 9 minutes past 3 o'clock in the afternoon of the 3rd day, Washington Mean Time. At the moment of the conjunction, the sun will be just rising; Saturn and Jupiter will be in the 2nd house; Mercury will be in the 8th house, wherein the luminaries come together; and Venus, Mars and Neptune will be in the 7th house—the two former being very close to the cusp of the 8th house.

Jupiter rules the scheme and is in mutual reception with Herschel though in opposition to the place of the lunation. His location in Aquarius is indicative of temperate air and pleasant showers for the month. A moderate increase of public revenue which Saturn in the 2nd house will tend to diminish by heavier expenditures than usual on the public works of the country. The lunation falls in good aspect with Herschel on the descendant and in general is favorable for the prosperity of the nation.

Mars and Venus conjoined with the 8th and ruling the 5th house jointly, indicates a bad shipwreck in the western waters or a bad disaster from some flood, also an unusual number of accidents to pleasure seekers upon or in the water. Let all engaged in public sports see that no accidents happen through carelessness. The 8th so fully occupied and affected cautions against careless use of steam and explosives, for avoidance of sudden death, especially among men of wealth.

CELESTIAL CALENDAR FOR AUGUST, 1902.

AUGUST 1—Friday. Push all matters vigorously during this day, giving preference, if any, to transactions pertaining to the elegant avocations and the polite arts; prosecute mathematical and musical studies and pursuits; the latter part of the forenoon advises moderation and deliberation rather than haste in any important affair and recommends self-control and the avoidance of quarrels or controversies.

2—Saturday. Use the early part of the day for the most important moves, for as the noon passes, baffling and disappointing conditions arise which promise very unfavorably for the launching of any new undertaking or the progress of matters already in hand; be sure not to sign any writings pertaining to business or lands.

3—Sunday. The forenoon is the best part of the day for all kinds of religious exercises. The afternoon is detrimental to church interests.

4—Monday. A favorable day generally, provided caution is observed during the afternoon against rashness and contention; do not enter into any matrimonial engagement during the afternoon and evening nor expect much satisfaction from musical or artistic efforts.

5—Tuesday. Beware of any engagement of a commercial or monetary nature on this day and hold on to the purse-strings, lest extravagant expenditures exhaust the finances without satisfactory returns; the latter part of the afternoon and evening are the best parts of the day and encourage all mechanical undertakings, the initiation of very nice work by machinery, chemicals or manufacture of any kind, also for the elegant pursuits in literary line; social, musical and dramatic engagements will be agreeable and satisfactory.

6—Wednesday. Make no personal application for favor from any public official of large corporations in the forenoon, when conditions are adverse for dealings in patents or patented articles or any writings concerning novelties, trade marks, or copyrights; use the afternoon for important moves pertaining to real estate or buildings.

7—Thursday. After 10 o'clock in the morning give every energy to the prosecution of business, especially such as is concerned with trade, monetary matters and the literary world; make contracts with banks, with moneyed men or institutions, adjust accounts, open new places of business; enter upon educational schemes and plan all enterprises of consequence in ecclesiastical and judicial matters; the evening is especially favorable for extending mental labors and efforts in polite literature.

8—Friday. Seek promotion or advancement in employment during the early forenoon; have no dealings in any or artistic goods from 9 to 12 in the forenoon when the elegant pursuits meet hindrance; the afternoon is good for dealings with railroads and government officials, also with persons of marked eccentricity of habit; do not seek the society in the evening when conditions hinder progress of matters or consequences.

9—Saturday. Push all matters vigorously during this day, giving preference, if any, in the afternoon for transactions pertaining to the literary and scientific pursuits.

10—Sunday. Not particularly promising for a Sabbath day, though likely to be marked by increased ability and vigor, inducing out-of-door exercise and recreation.

11—Monday. Bright and prosperous are the conditions of this day; authors and artists are particularly favored in their business dealings and dealers in scientific and artistic works and productions should vigorously improve every moment. Conditions give special activity to dealings in fancy goods, jewelry, perfumes, silks and all articles of adornment, also household goods and furnishings; architectural and horticultural work should be planned and urged on this day, begin journeys, change residences, deal with great corporations and public officials; urge all transactions relating to building and mining.

12—Tuesday. This day has but little to recommend it until the late afternoon; it is not favorable for a birthday anniversary and all persons claiming it or who were born about the 9th of January, 18th of April, 20th of May, 14th of July, 17th of October, or 1st of December, of past years, should be careful of health for journeys, changes to come, and be guarded in their acts and so cautious in their associations as not to debase themselves or hurt their good name and honor among their fellow men; let all such be on the alert against deceit or being misled in holding evil communications. Give preference to the late afternoon for crowding all general business.

13—Wednesday. Begin the day early for pushing important matters in trade, avoiding dealings with corporations in the middle hours of the day and particularly urging the literary pursuits in the last half of the day, when mental efforts will be peculiarly happy and effectual; do correspondence, adjust accounts and travel.

14—Thursday. A very indifferent day, without special promise in any direction.

15—Friday. Use the pen cautiously during the forenoon; engage no help nor journey unnecessarily; as the evening approaches more than usual caution will need to be exercised to guard against contention and quarrels; the tongue otherwise is likely to prove an unruly member and involve the speaker in difficulties.

16—Saturday. Dramatists, musicians, artists, jewelers, upholsterers and furniture dealers are "under the ban," experience losses and embarrassments, and will need to exercise extraordinary caution in all their acts; it will be well for theatrical managers and artists, if they have deferred entering into very important professional engagements during these passing days; let the fair sex especially avoid this day for any kind of a matrimonial engagement, and social entertainments are not likely to prove successful or happy.

17—Sunday. One of the best Sabbaths of the month, especially so for the good and prosperity of church matters and for religious and moral improvement.

18—Monday. The inventive faculties are now unus-

ually acute and some remarkable discovery in electrical apparatus or process is likely at this time; public men and persons in charge of great corporations will be agreeably disposed during this forenoon.

19—Tuesday. An unfavorable day in nearly all respects and the afternoon hours caution against the execution of deeds or writings and discourage the doing or corresponding of importance; keep the temper in the evening or bad quarrels arise.

20—Wednesday. Give preference to the forenoon for the most important of the undertakings; the elegant and artistic pursuits are adversely affected in the afternoon; the evening gives much improvement and should be used for planning all engagements pertaining to manufacture, construction, building and mining enterprises.

21—Thursday. Continue thine efforts of the evening preceding relative to mechanism and landed interests and crowd all general business to the utmost.

22—Friday. Choose this day for urging all honorable business to the utmost; buy goods for trade and have money transactions generally, preference being given, in all cases, to the last half of the day for most important steps; seek no favor from thine employer in the afternoon.

23—Saturday. This day is evil for the most part, as malicious conditions conduce to bad accidents and physical detriment; let the tongue be kept well under control and controversies of all kinds be avoided; keep out of the way of harm from machinery or falling objects. Let all persons born about the 13th of January, or April, or the 18th of July or 17th of October of past years, especially observe the above suggestions and have care in all matters of diet for avoidance of stomach and kidney troubles; they should especially beware of stimulating foods and drinks, and those accustomed to indulgences in intoxicating drinks will need to be peculiarly on guard to avoid very serious if not fatal harm from their habits.

24—Sunday. Unfavorable for church matters and not conducive to best results from pulpit discourse.

25—Monday. Be stirring early, engaging in all classes of transactions pertaining to houses and lands, such as purchasing, selling, hiring, letting, building, repairing, improving, or furnishing; make contracts for stonework, excavation and bridge building.

26—Tuesday. Seek no favor from thine employer or promotion in office during the first two-thirds of this day; shun all real estate transactions during the middle hours of the day; but urge all the elegant pursuits in the afternoon, when also make thy purchases of goods for trade, particularly of goods of an artistic and decorative character; seek money accommodations and deal with the wealthy.

27—Wednesday. An evil day in which particularly matters of much importance are best deferred; see that thy tongue or pen do no violence to good judgment on this day; have no dealings in stocks or in speculations of any kind; those employed with the pen should act with great circumspection; errors of account are more than usually liable in the forenoon hours. These suggestions are especially applicable to persons born about the 10th of March, 9th of June, 10th of September, or 8th of December, of past years. Such persons are likely to be experiencing very trying evils, either in their domestic or business affairs, or are having physical troubles of peculiar and baffling character. Married ladies so born will need to be very circumspect in deportment and exercise more than ordinary patience and forbearance with their husbands, and to some extent, to avoid quarrels, disagreements, separations, or even divorce, or unusual misfortunes to or through their married partners or near male relatives in these passing weeks. Broken engagements or estrangements and strange and unexpected social disorders are threatened in the lives of marriageable ladies who were so born.

28—Thursday. Have dealings on this day with officers of government and apply for favor or advantage from thine employer.

29—Friday. Give preference to the forenoon and the very late afternoon hours for thy most important engagements; the afternoon hours are baffling in nearly all matters, but particularly such as are concerned with real estate and building; give attention in the evening to all classes of literary and intellectual work.

30—Saturday. Avoid rashness of word or act and be not easily moved to wrath; the day is peculiarly dangerous for surgical operations, especially if performed upon the head, stomach, or kidneys; the afternoon and evening threaten the purse and thou art cautioned not to buy articles except for urgent matters, as the purchases so made are likely to give you little satisfaction and be unprofitable.

31—Sunday. One of the best Sabbaths of the month, particularly conducive to successful efforts by the clergy; the day also invites thee to busy the mind with the elegant in literature and art.

A WOMAN'S DISCOVERY.

I have discovered a positive cure for all female diseases and the piles. It not only fails to cure the piles from any cause or in either sex, or any of the diseases peculiar to women, such as leucorrhoea, displacements, ulceration, granulation, etc. I will gladly mail a free box of the remedy to every sufferer. Address: MRS. C. B. MILLER, Box 106, Kokomo, Ind.

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The world's most famous Astrologer invites all readers of this paper to test his powers, free of charge. Send him your date of birth and postal address, and he will send you his 16-page treatise and a Horoscope of your life, which will explain many things that you should know about your future success, love, and money. Write at once to Prof. B. Edison, Dept. T, Binghamton, N.Y.

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Full information how to develop the Bust 6 inches will be sent you free, in plain sealed package, also new Beauty Book, photos from life, and testimonials from many prominent society ladies, who have used this safe, sure and rapid method. Includes stamp to pay postage. Address: AURUM CO., Dept. HB, 55 State St., CHICAGO

ICURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

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Do you want a watch that runs and keeps good time? Our watch has a Gold laid case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement, and highly finished. This is a remarkable watch. We guarantee it and with proper care it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. It has the appearance of a Solid Gold one. The movement is an American Style, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it that when you own one of these truly handsome watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. Just the watch for railroad men, or those who need very close time. Do you want a watch of this character? If so, now is your opportunity to secure one. We give a beautiful Watch as a premium to anyone for selling 15 pieces of our handsome jewelry for 10c. each. Simply send your name and address and we will send you the 15 pieces of jewelry postpaid. When sold, send us the \$1.50, and we will send you the handsome Gold laid watch. We trust you and will take back all you have bought. We propose to give away these watches simply to advertise our business. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You require no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Address, SAFE DEPOSIT WATCH CO. New York City

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Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Pain—Sent Free.

No woman need any longer dread the pains of child-birth; or remain childless. Dr. J. H. Dye has devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proved that all pain at child-birth may be entirely banished, and he will gladly tell you how it may be done absolutely free of charge. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye, Box 137, Buffalo, N. Y., and he will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without pain; also how to cure sterility. Do not delay but write today.

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PHOTO BROCHURES 10c. Send us any photograph you want copied and we will return it unharmed with an exact copy on one of these pretty rimless brooch-mountings for only 10c. All our Photo-Minatures are exact and perfect reproductions. We send this 25c. sample for only 10c. to introduce our goods and send you Free our large ill. price-list of photo-minatures, jewelry, novelties. Agents wanted. CROWN MFG. CO., Box 1197, Boston, Mass.

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If you send your name and address with 4 cents to cover postage, packing, etc., we will send you a package of our "Secret Cure" in a plain package with full directions free, how to use it in tea, coffee, food, etc. It is odorless, tasteless and will cure this dreadful habit, quietly and permanently without the patient's knowledge or consent. It is a positive and permanent "Secret Cure" for the Drunk Habit and will destroy the craving for liquor. Good for both sexes. MILO DRUG CO., Dept. 19 St. Louis, Mo.

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If ruptured write to Dr. W. S. Rice, 1019 Main St., Adams, N. Y., and he will send free a trial of his wonderful method. Whether skeptical or not get this free method and try the remarkable invention that cures without pain, danger, operation or detention from work. Write to-day. Don't wait.

A CRIME TO BE FAT when for a 2 cent stamp, Mrs. Louisa Lafarge, 43 Times Building, New York, will tell you how her \$1 prescription took 20 to 30 lbs. off each of over 6,000 men and women. Most effective and least expensive treatment ever offered. Endorsed by United States Health Reports.

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MARRY 10,000 are very anxious to see very rich. MARRY STANDARD COR. CLUB, Sta. E, Chicago, Ill.

Marriage PAPER FREE, many very rich. EASTERN AGENCY 54, Bridgeport, Ct.

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FREE Silver Spoons. We can furnish our customers with a half-dozen warranted quadruple plated Silver Spoons in one of the best patterns imaginable. It was our good fortune to find a large line of silverware that could be bought cheap and our customers are getting the benefit. The pattern of these Spoons is new and very attractive, and we have forks of same design to match, also knives. We are anxious to increase the circulation of our fine monthly magazine right away and are to make a liberal gift offer on the silver spoons to introduce COMFORT and obtain the subscriptions. As we guarantee these Spoons you should have no hesitancy about ordering at once.

SPECIAL OFFER. If you will send us the name of a friend or relative for a special trial subscription to our monthly for one year at 25c. we will send the magazine one whole year to the address and to you we will send a free gift of a Set of Six Spoons. For a club of two you can earn a dozen Spoons. Address: COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SEE THAT DANDRUFF?



A dandruff-bedecked garment is not pleasing to the eye, and materially detracts from an appearance otherwise impressive. Such miniature "snow-falls" not only mar the evidences of dressy gentility, but point to careless neglect of the hair and scalp, and foreshadow the betraying signs of age—gray hair, thin growth or baldness. If the evidence is on you, the friend who gently brushes it off is perfectly justified in scolding you for your palpable neglect of your hair and scalp, particularly if your attention has ever been called to the wonderful properties of

Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food

That you have not used this most excellent preparation is proven by any dandruff in evidence. People that have used it write as follows:

Mrs. J. S. Dann, 1006 Franklin Street, Reading, Pa., writes:

"I am pleased to inform you that I am cured of all my hair troubles. The itching and dandruff have passed away and the hair has ceased to fall out. My husband has also been greatly benefited by the removal of dandruff from his head."

Miss Mabel E. Ferris, teacher of Physical Culture and Delsarte, Delmar, N. Y., says:

"A few months ago, during severe illness, my hair began falling out to an alarming degree. The use of Cranitonic Hair Food stopped it, and after a few bottles, new hair started out all over my head. I now have a thicker growth of hair than I ever had before."

We have on file in our offices tens of thousands of statements similar to those printed above.

Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Food is for sale by Druggists at \$1.00 the bottle, or will be sent direct from Laboratories, expressage prepaid, upon receipt of price.

Free To All Readers

Under special arrangements made with the Cranitonic Hair Food Co., every reader of this paper may have the professional services of the ablest hair and scalp specialists in the world absolutely free. All that is necessary is to mail a few hairs, or a sample from the daily combings, and state in your letter if you have dandruff, itching scalp or falling hair, when the physicians of the Cranitonic Hair and Scalp Institute will make a microscopic examination of your hair, advise you by mail just what the trouble is and how it can be cured. To all who write inclosing hair, as well as to those who, having no hair or scalp disease, would like to try the most perfect hair dressing ever formulated, a sample of the Cranitonic Products and a 48-page illustrated book, Hair Care, with testimonials will be sent free by mail, postpaid. WRITE TO-DAY TO CRANITONIC HAIR FOOD CO. 526 West Broadway, New York City

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AND 95 CENTS BUYS THIS HIGH GRADE, HIGH ARM, 20-YEAR GUARANTEED FIVE-DRAWER, SOLID EGGED RESEWING MACHINE, the equal of sewing machines that cost twice the money elsewhere.

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OUR MINNESOTA the equal of regular \$50.00 and \$60.00 agents' machines. Illustrated and fully described (the best mechanism and special features) in our big, new, **FREE SEWING MACHINE CATALOGUE**. You must write for it. We can surely save you \$10.00 to \$20.00 on any kind of a machine.

THREE MONTHS' FREE TRIAL Sewing Machine Catalogue, the most wonderful price offering ever made, our liberal terms, pay after received offer and **THREE MONTHS' FREE TRIAL** PLAN, cut this ad. out and mail to SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

RICH ART TABLE COVER FREE.

Armenian Needlework Designs So Closely Followed as to Defy Detection.

Read How You May Get this Splendid Japanese Gift for Your Own Home. The most gifted race in the world with the needle are the Orientals. For centuries the rich and varied designs worked by their hands have been the admiration and delight of lovers of art. A few years ago an American was fortunate enough to invent machinery that would reproduce these rich designs of embossed embroidery and needlework, even to the delicate films of gold-thread work. Still more curious the Japanese obtained plans and made similar machinery, so that they have the addition of "cheap labor" to Yankee machinery. In this way the most delicate Armenian and Turkish needlework is imitated so closely that none but the expert, on close examination, reveals the minor points of imitation.

An Art Table Cover Free. We wish to introduce Oxien Nazone Salve into thousands of new homes and to accomplish this intend to actually give away these rich and ornamental Table Covers to our friends. We shall send a handsome cover, about two feet and a half square, of the richest and most pleasing designs, and being in appearance like the hand-made covers that Armenian experts sell for from \$12 to \$25 each, to one agent in each city or town who will sell for us only two boxes Nazone Salve at 25c. apiece. We send the goods on credit and trust to your honor in returning the money, 50c. We pay postage on this Rich Present the moment your 50c. arrives. This is the greatest offer ever made, for, besides receiving this Beautiful Art Gift, which will give a whole room an air of luxury and refinement, you learn of other inducements that are rich with money profits and grand presents. Address THE GIANT OXIE CO., Box 987, Augusta, Maine.

To Celebrate the Glorious Fourth.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT



N EITHER the small boy, nor the pedestrian, stopping to look at the array of fireworks in the shop windows, has any idea of the enormous trade in these "gems of fire" or the method of their manufacture. All through the winter months the factories, big and little, have been preparing to fill the orders that come pouring in from all parts of the United States and Europe—for Yankee ingenuity has invented specialties in pyrotechnics that are unequalled. Each factory has its own designs and devices in fireworks, and the rivalry between the firms at times burns as fiercely as their powder. The small boy who pictures to himself the fun of filling rockets full of stars, of stuffing Roman candles with balls, of building dandy big pin wheels, would be a trifle awed at the quiet and order that reigns in a fireworks factory. Before the visitor is admitted to the building he dons a pair of thick woolen shoes, then follows the guide over the copper covered floor to the powder room, where about a dozen men are feeding the revolving powder mills. The sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre for the gunpowder are ground by small zinc balls that tumble about with a monotonous, rumbling noise.

In the rocket room, the work is divided between many men. At one table the pasteboard tubes are made; at the next the fuses are put in, and so they pass on down the line until they reach the man who finishes them off with conical cap and stick. The materials for the stars are kept in air tight vessels, and mixed together with meal powder and glue water. Men at side tables mix up the ingredients and form them into balls. This one of copper and zinc filings and potash will burn a beautiful blue; this of lampblack, strontia, potash, sulphur and charcoal, a bright crimson; this of amber, salt and rosin, gold; this of barytes, potash and sulphur, a gorgeous green. These balls are put in the tubes with the firing charges, and filled at the top with powder and steel filings. When these rockets "go off," showers of silvery sparks will surround the flashing stars.

More gorgeous rockets have layers of colored fire added to fall in showers of rain, or are packed with slender sticks of yellow fire to burst into sheaves of golden grain; still others are filled with nests of young snakes to go hissing and writhing across the sky; while the triumph is reached in the rockets that explode and expand into parachutes, that go floating gracefully through the air, supporting burning globes, which change from gold to purple, then in turn to red, blue, green and silver. These rockets require delicate manipulation, and there are many little secrets connected with their manufacture which the visitor is not allowed to penetrate.

Equal variety in design is found in the bomb room. After the firing charges and fuses are in place, separate charges of powder are put in the centers of the bombs, and the "display" packed around the sides. Some bombs are packed with balls that will burst into flaming suns; others are filled with golden fire and small colored balls, to spread into sparkling sheets of flame showered with stars; and in still others the balls are arranged in the shape of stars, triangles and wheels that will whirl and flash in the air with dazzling rapidity; but the most splendid of all is the bomb that bursts into a globe of golden light, turning to blue as it slowly descends, then bursts into balloons of variegating colors, which finally explode into showers of shooting stars of rainbow hues.

The popular Roman candles are very simple affairs. Long pasteboard tubes are plugged to receive the charges of slow burning powder, then colored balls and charges of powder are alternately put into the cases until filled, fuses inserted and the tops covered.

How the small boy would stare could he behold the men making aerial "flower pots" and "bouquets," as they ladle in the powder and pour in hundreds of balls to blossom into prismatic flowers, the like of which were never seen on this earth before. The shower of American Beauty roses is one of the most brilliant of these "flower pieces," while the vases and cornucopias of flowers that change in hue against backgrounds of silver and gold spangles are strong rivals in popularity.

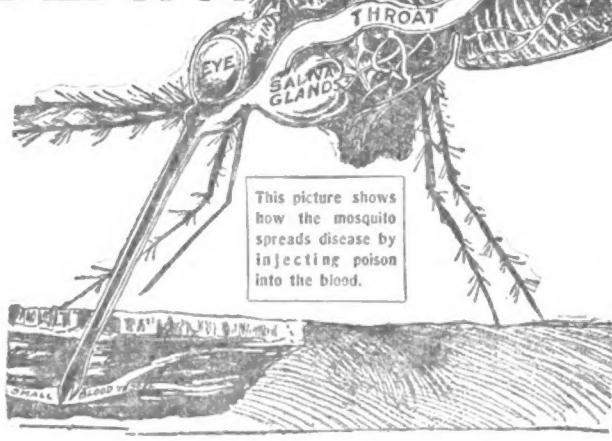
As for the penny pin-wheel, it counts its relatives by the dozens. Rows and rows hang up drying, some with single tubes, some with three that will throw out showers of balls and tiny stars, some that stop suddenly and revolve in the opposite direction. With all of these the small boy will scorch his fingers and blacken his face, trying to make them go around, for the pin-wheel is the most erratic of all fireworks, stopping and starting off again in the most unexpected fashion. The double wheels have six short tubes of colored fire attached to the rims, small boxes of fire fastened to the spokes and tubes of parti-colored spangles wired out from the hubs.

But the zenith of pyrotechnic display in the pin-wheel line is reached in a large wheel suspended from a standard. Upon the rim large tubes of white and colored fire are arranged irregularly. Fastened to the center of each spoke is a small wheel and three boxes of tinted stars and spangles grouped on either side. When the fuse is touched off the whole wheel is soon ignited and begins to revolve, the whole design bursting forth, revealing a dream of color that glows, and flashes and blends into the glory of sunset skies. A row of these wheels set off in a framework of silver birches and golden willow trees is a spectacle not easily described.

"Wigglers" that go darting high up across the sky bursting into a myriad of small "twisters," "chasers" that fly back and forth in the air like maddened serpents till they melt into a thin trail of red fire; balls that spread out gracefully into a peacock's tail, or explode into a waterfall of golden spangles, are some of the novelties designed especially for this year's firework displays. In making fireworks the fuse gives the most trouble, how to get it just right so it will burn neither too fast nor too slow, is a difficult problem. The success or failure of the fuse is a very important matter in the set pieces.

The Great American Eagle is a much demanded piece for the Fourth. He stands in a frame

DISEASE AND DEATH



CAUSED BY MOSQUITOES AND OTHER INSECTS.

Few people realize the dangerous results of a mosquito bite and it is only within the past few years that medical and scientific authorities have given this matter attention. The examinations by the medical board appointed by the U. S. Surgeon General prove beyond question that the spread of an infectious disease is more frequently caused by the carrying of poison and disease germs from one person to another by insects (such as mosquitoes, etc.) than in any other way.

Yellow Fever, Smallpox, Malaria, Scarlet Fever, etc. is spread by an insect biting a person who is suffering from one of these diseases and then carrying the poison to another person, who may be in the best of health, but is quickly in the throes of disease, caused by the inoculation of the poisonous matter into the blood by the bite of the insect.

A leading authority in the medical profession writes:—"The sting or bite of a mosquito can be compared to a Hypodermic Syringe, loaded with the most virulent poison." Another authority says:—"Statistics prove that a mosquito-ridden neighborhood is a most dangerous locality for residence and that in localities infested with these disease-carrying insects the death rate is exceedingly high."

Dr. A. F. A. King, in a paper read before the Philosophical Society of Washington, says:—"Malarial diseases are spread through the instrumentality of mosquitoes which by their punctures inoculate the body with the malarial poison."

A year ago several experiments in Cuba resulted in the death of the subjects. Two Spaniards who submitted to the test were bitten by infected mosquitoes, died very quickly with severe cases of yellow fever, caused by the insect injecting the deadly virus of yellow fever into their system. Miss Clara Maass, a trained nurse in Havana, was the last victim. She allowed a mosquito to bite her arm. The venom soon took effect and her death resulted. These tests prove beyond question that the mosquito is the most dangerous of all insects, carrying and spreading disease wherever it goes.

J. R. KEAN, Surgeon U. S. V., writes: "The role of the mosquito in the transmission of certain diseases is now well established. The evidence is now perfect and conclusive that malaria, as well as filarial infections are carried by this insect."

Swanson's "5-DROPS" is a positive antidote for the poisonous bites of these insects. An application of "5-DROPS" to the bite will at once kill the poison that has been injected, thereby preventing the serious results which are frequently caused by these dangerous pests. Get a bottle of "5-DROPS" at once and have it on hand ready for use at all times. It will prevent sickness and suffering. Protect the children by applying "5-DROPS" at once when they are bitten by mosquitoes. It will relieve the irritation and soreness immediately.

Rheumatism and Neuralgia. These most dreaded and dangerous diseases can be cured by "5-DROPS." It will stop those fearful neuralgic pains and prevent the awful agony which is certain to follow attacks of neuralgia which are not promptly cured. It will cure rheumatism in any form. It does not matter whether you are suffering from **Inflammatory, Nervous, Muscular or Articular Rheumatism**; whether your whole system is full of uric acid; whether every part of your body is aching and every joint is out of shape. "5-DROPS" if used externally and taken internally will positively give quick relief and effect a permanent cure. An application of "5-DROPS" to the afflicted parts will stop the rheumatic pains almost instantly, while the cause of the disease is being surely removed by its internal use.

"5-DROPS" is the only medicine in the world which is a positive cure for all forms of **Acute and Chronic Rheumatism and Neuralgia**. It will instantly relieve and permanently cure **Liver and Kidney Troubles, La Grippe, Sciatica, Lumbago, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Asthma, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Croup, Nervous and Neuralgic Headache, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Paralysis, Creeping Numbness, Blood Diseases of all kinds, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, etc.**

"5-DROPS" IS THE BEST HOUSEHOLD REMEDY IN THE WORLD.

Swanson's "5-DROPS" is a household remedy that should be kept in the home ready for use in case of emergency. If taken occasionally it will keep the blood pure and the system in such a healthy condition that disease will be almost an impossibility. It is the greatest blood purifier ever discovered.

FREE. A trial bottle will be mailed free of charge to every reader of this paper who is a sufferer from any of the above named diseases. Cut out the coupon and send to us with your name and address. Write today.

NOTE.—Large Size Bottle "5-DROPS" (300 Doses) will be sent prepaid to any address for \$1.00. If it is not obtainable in your town, order from us direct. **AGENTS WANTED.**

THE "SWANSON PILL" CURES CONSTIPATION.

An ideal cathartic pill that cures constipation, stomach troubles, heartburn, belching, fullness and distress after eating, etc. Causes a natural, healthy action of Bowels, Kidneys and Liver.

PRICE OF PILLS, PREPAID BY MAIL, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 Lake St., CHICAGO, ILL.

NOTICE.—Swanson's "5-DROPS" is a household remedy that every family should have, and we advise our readers to take advantage of the liberal offer made by SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., and secure A TRIAL BOTTLE FREE OF CHARGE. Cut out the coupon and write them at once.



"Chinese Mandarin," a comparative novelty to Americans. It has a huge head that throws out hundreds of colored lights, while 100,000 small crackers are whirling and dancing through the air exploding with deafening noise. The Mandarins are used in the Chinese seaport towns to drive the evil spirits into the water.

Some Negro Superstitions.

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT.



come from, Uncle Peter?" was asked of an old colored man.

"Sure I don't know, 'marster' was the reply, 'but,' shaking his head, 'some of 'em is so mighty warm I has my 'spicions.'"

If you catch an eel on the full of the moon, kill it and skin it, and wrap the skin about your arm, you will be cured of chills and fever.

If you suffer from backache, wrap the skin of a black snake around your waist, and you will be cured.

Another and very famous remedy for chills is to take a stick, cut a notch in it for every chill, blow on it, and then throw it into a stream of running water. There is an odd similarity between this and a Chinese superstition that if a sickly child flies a paper kite on a certain day, and then punches the kite full of holes with his finger and holds the kite under

water in a running stream, his illness will be carried away.

If a peahen calls, a donkey brays, pigs carry straw, geese flap their wings, a pot boils dry, or the clouds move northward, it will rain.

If a silver coin or a new laid egg be placed in the hand of a new born child, long life and prosperity will be assured.

If the sun goes down behind a bank of clouds on Friday it will rain on Sunday.

Negro mothers believe that it will bring bad luck to the child to make a baby's clothes before the child is born and hence although they provide the material and have it in the house, no shears must touch the cloth nor any needle. As is wrapped, when the baby comes along, he is swaddled up in anything handy until a first garment can be hastily manufactured.

"It surely bad luck to count on de Lord's do-in's, dat fashion," said one prospective black mother. "It seem like you think you done know already how things gwine to turn out. I got a check pattern in de house now, what haint never had scissors in it, an' I got stuff for



THEY SEE A "HAUNT" GO BY!

body clothes, too, but I aint darst to touch any piece of it, not so much as to cut out one shirt."

This reply of the old negro makes one think (CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)